

PERIODICAL

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

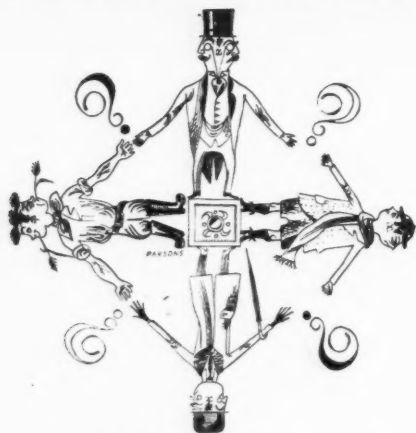


Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1905. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/- per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada, 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.

WELL-KNOWN BRITISH HABITS



Seeing both sides of the question . . .
 Standing four-square about . . .

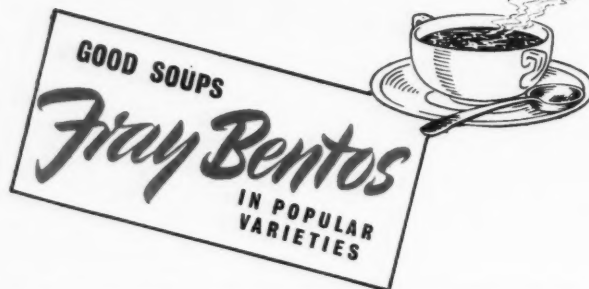
Wolsey

Underwear and Cardinal Socks

Wolsey Ltd. Leicester

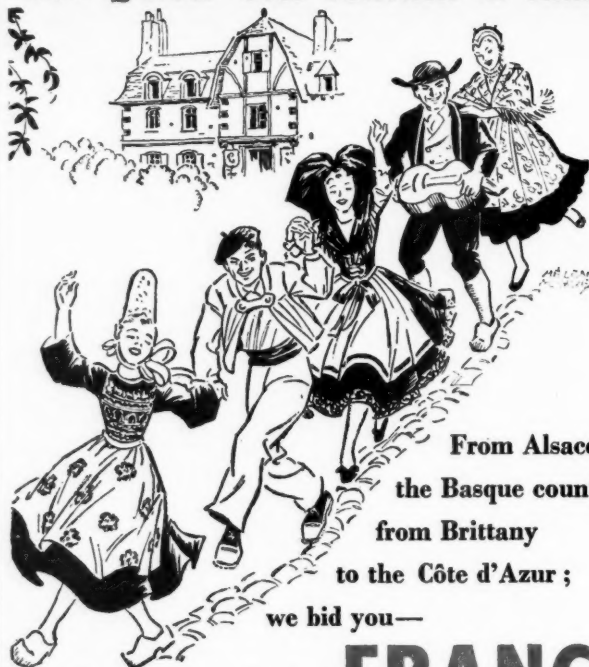


but-a good soup is
 a meal in itself!



PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED • LONDON

YOUR £ NOW GOES FURTHER IN FRANCE



From Alsace to
 the Basque country,
 from Brittany
 to the Côte d'Azur ;

we bid you—

Welcome back to **FRANCE**

For further information apply to any Travel Agent or the
 French National Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1
 CVS-17



Made by ABDULLA for those
 who prefer the American style of blend

She is a Beauty Specialist



A Woman
with
a Career

She is a Beauty Specialist and believes in looking the part not only facially but sartorially both in business and out of it. It helps to create confidence amongst clients and to inspire her with confidence in herself.

So she has turned, like so many others to "Jamedon", whose models have the right line without accentuation, the right fit without alteration and the right note—without doubt.

Tailored in wool face cloth, this suit has a roll collar, nipped in waist and a jacket with a tiered effect over the slightly padded hips of the pencil skirt. In Black, Navy and Nigger Brown.

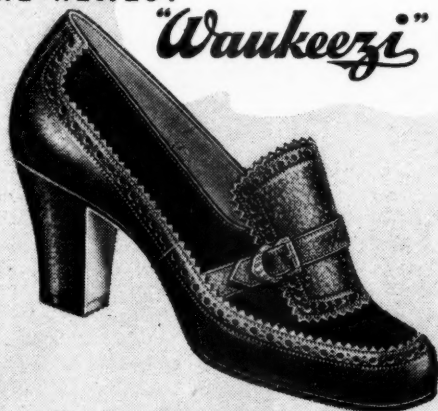
Jamedon
MODEL

*From discriminating
Fashion Houses
W&C*

JAMES & GORDON LTD. (Wholesale only) LONDON, W.1.

THE NEWEST

"Waukeezzi"



"JASSY"—a smart tab court dress shoe by WAUKEEZI. Made from grain leather and suede, with covered cuban heel. Elastic gusset and buckle overstrap ensure perfect fit.

If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your Agents.



...YOUR SHOE SYMBOL

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON

WOOL AND THE WOMAN



SHIELANA
fabrics

For all times, all seasons, all occasions . . . for suits, coats, dresses . . . there are Shielana fabrics in wool for the woman, of varying weights, styles and textures. Shielana fabrics, comprising a variety of woollen and worsted fabrics, designed and produced in Gt. Britain are available at the best stores throughout the country. A list of these stores is available from

SHIELANA LIMITED, 2 SAVILE ROW, LONDON, W.1



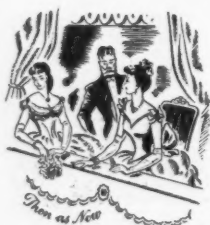
um-m as in yum-yum, as in anything that makes you purr . . . as in these crisp completely perfect tennis clothes, cut in marvellous new styles, tailored in fine quality rayon sharkskin that holds its line, its smartness. The girl in the hammock wears exciting new cut-for-freedom shirt and stunning brief shorts. The girl, right, has our best-performing tennis dress, cap-sleeved, pleated down the back.

Jantzen
For fun in the sun

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS LTD. • BRENTFORD • ENGLAND



BY APPOINTMENT
TOILET SOAP MAKERS
H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.



The
Craftsmanship
of over half
a century is
expressed in
Bronnley soap.

Bronnley

LONDON · W.3



Children look their best
in 'Dayella'
REGD.
If it Shrinks - we Replace

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF



'VIVÉLLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'

D.I.

*Sweet
Course?*
mason's
CUSTARD
FLAVOUR
of course!

Adds deliciousness to all
sweets—puddings, junkets,
sauces, custards, moulds.



NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM

MC121Z



**TOFFEES
AND
CHOCOLATES**

That's what customers, both young and
old, say of "Mayfair" and "Vanity Fair"
Toffees and Chocolates. They like their
quality, their flavour, their pleasing variety.

Three assortments:

MAYFAIR "Première"
VANITY FAIR "Super Six"
VANITY FAIR "Fanfair"

**ALWAYS ASK FOR
MAYFAIR & VANITY FAIR
ASSORTMENTS**

Mayfair Products Ltd., Sunderland.

15

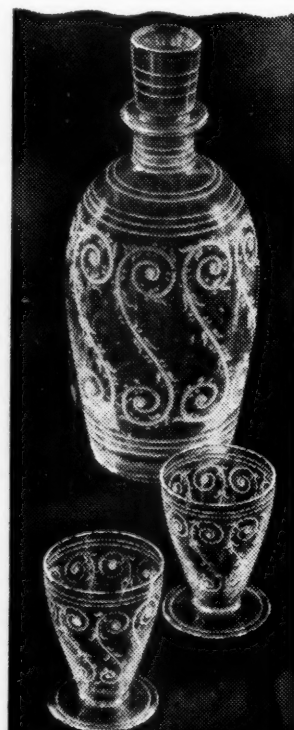


The favourite for tea-time
CHIVERS JAMS
are on sale everywhere

★ ★ ★
For a change we recommend Chivers Plum Jam.
Plenty of fruit—Lovely flavour.

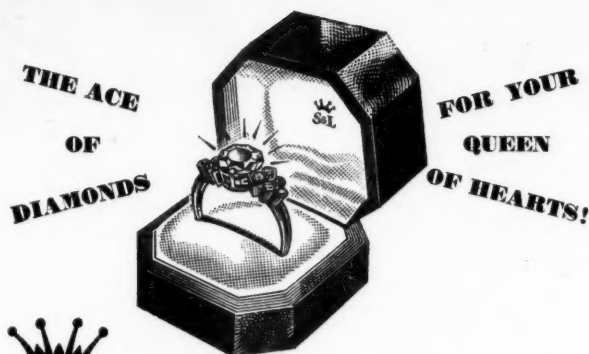
CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

GD132



Stuart Crystal

To add lustre to your parties—a
hand-engraved sherry decanter
and glasses in clear, sparkling
Stuart Crystal.



Saqui and Lawrence diamond rings win all hearts. Their beauty is matchless, their value supreme. And no wonder! Saqui and Lawrence have specialised in fine diamond and other precious jewellery for over a century. Their fame is world-wide. Their name is your guarantee.

A small selection of fine Diamond rings of pre-war value are now being displayed at all branches. Don't miss seeing them.

Saqui and Lawrence of Piccadilly Circus

Diamond Merchants, Watchmakers, Jewellers since 1800

CITY BRANCH: 28, LIVERPOOL ST., E.C.2

Saqui & Lawrence Ltd. have many fine shops
throughout London and the Provinces.



downsweep for day



uplift for evening

Once upon a time there was a girl who wailed, "I can't do anything with my hair." So her friends took her to a Registered Eugène Waver. Now she wears her hair loosely curling one day, swept regally up the next. What's more, she can brush her

sets to keep her hair glossy and healthy, for Eugène waves are "permanently hers." Ask any Registered Eugène Waver about your next wave; he (or she) will give you good advice and show enthusiasm for your ideas.

Genuine Eugène Sachets for your wave are sealed in a hygienic Individual Pack. Ask to see it — and read the message inside addressed to you.

Eugène

2.F

first step to every lovely hair style

WHEN YOU'RE FEELING
'PECKISH'

think of

PECK'S

FISH & MEAT
PASTES



JAR SHORTAGE.
Please return your
empty jars to your
grocer.

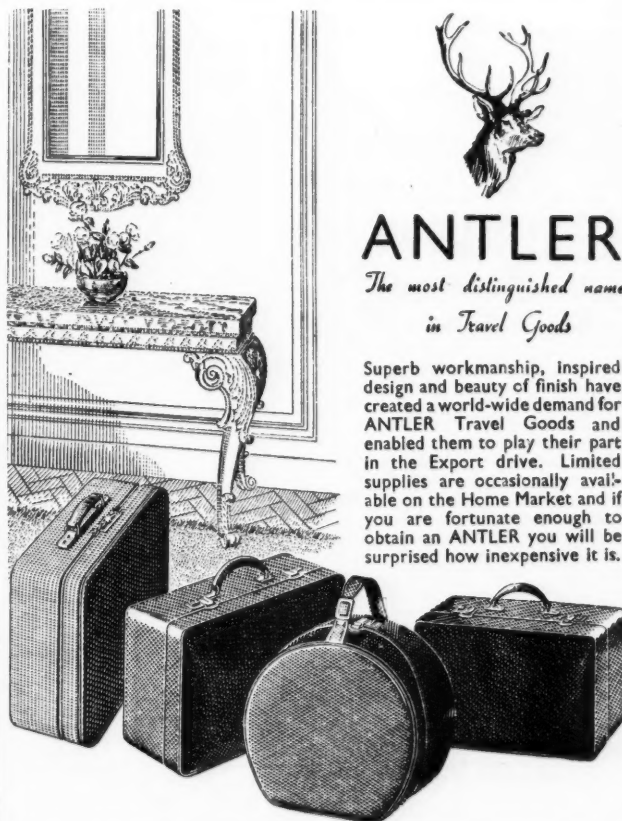
HARRY PECK & CO. LTD., DEVONSHIRE GROVE, LONDON S.E.15



ANTLER

*The most distinguished name
in Travel Goods*

Superb workmanship, inspired design and beauty of finish have created a world-wide demand for ANTLER Travel Goods and enabled them to play their part in the Export drive. Limited supplies are occasionally available on the Home Market and if you are fortunate enough to obtain an ANTLER you will be surprised how inexpensive it is.



J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3

They're the new plastic



Making Acrylic Resin plastic dentures: the final stage.

Perhaps yours are the new plastic too. Whether they are or not it is easy to keep them clean. Just give them a brush under the tap (if necessary) and let them stand in a solution of STERADENT prepared as directed on the tin. Leave them overnight or while you dress, and when you take them out you will find all stains and mucin film gone. Your dentures will be fresh and clean again.

Steradent
CLEANS AND STERILISES
EVERY TYPE OF DENTURE
STERADENT LTD., HULL & LONDON



6 great Cleaners for EVERY HOME

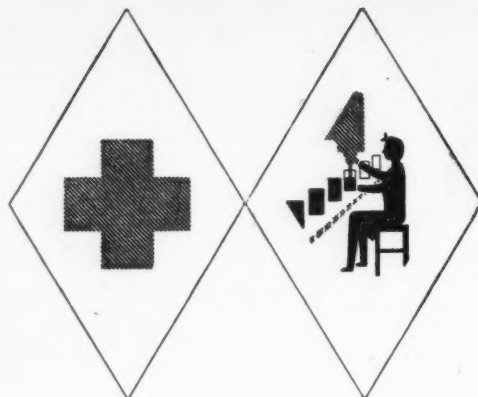
Away with toil and moil this year! Get better, quicker, *brighter* results in a tenth of the time—with Scrubb's famous HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS, one for each cleaning and polishing job! Dazzling PAINT WORK! Scintillating SILVER & METAL! Gleaming FURNITURE! Sparkling WINDOWS & MIRRORS!

When you see such brilliant results—achieved so easily—you'll bless these amazing Scrubb's Cleaners.

SCRUBB'S

CLOUDY AMMONIA
PAINT & ENAMEL CLEANER
SILVER & PLATE CLEANER
WINDOW CLEANER
FURNITURE CREAM
DRY CLEANER

Write for illustrated leaflet for each of the above, full of helpful labour-saving hints, to SCRUBB & CO. LTD., Wimbledon Factory Estate, Merton Rd., S.W.19.



There's a fresh, healthy feeling
in the factories where they use
**the IZAL System of
Industrial Hygiene**

Write to NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co. Ltd., Thorncliffe, Sheffield, and ask for a specialist to call and discuss the system. It can be planned without extra labour and will help to keep your workers healthy.



HERE
is the
component
you need...

for

Gland seals
Water pumps
Refrigeration
Paper machines
Temperature and
Air control
Boiler feed
regulators
Thermotatic and
pressure-operated
appliances

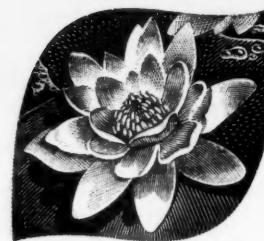
(B.5)

Seam'less, one-piece, metal bellows... formed in one continuous operation by a process unique in this country, with a uniformity of wall-thickness unobtainable by any other method... No annealing, no spinning, no localised strain or thinning; with none of the limitations of metallic diaphragms.

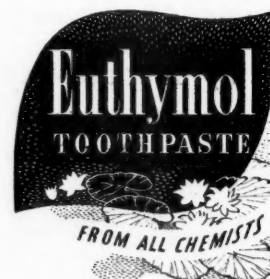
These bellows, though no thicker than paper—the walls range from 4/1000" to 7/1000"—are tough, resilient, and combine the properties of a spring able to withstand repeated flexing, a packless gland, and a container which can be hermetically sealed. Every bellows is pre-tested and proved during forming, and has a high degree of uniformity of life, performance and reliability in operation. Available in root diameters of 1/2" to 3", outside diameters 3/4" to 4 1/2".

Send for List No. K800-1

DRAYTON HYDROFLEX METAL BELLOWS
Drayton Regulator & Instrument Company Ltd., West Drayton, Mdx.



For
Morning
Freshness



Britain's Holiday Town

A world-famous Spa and Holiday Resort, Harrogate offers you a host of amenities and a rare programme of entertainments, music and sport.

Its lovely Valley Gardens and glorious parks and flower beds give the perfect environment and the spacious greensward of the Stray is one of England's finest natural playgrounds.

Harrogate is noted also for its smart modern shops and splendid hotels and boarding houses.

Holiday Guide from R. D.
Baxter, Information
Bureau, Harrogate



MILWARDS · REDDITCH



Starting June 14th, present service via Paris

NEW 4-ENGINE LANGUEDOCS seating 33 passengers, fly on this non-stop service. LONDON—a good lunch in the air with wine and food free of charge—and you are in NICE, CANNES or MONTE CARLO. The return fare, Nice £34.6.0; Cannes or Monte Carlo £36, does not come from your currency allowance. Other holiday services to PARIS, BASLE, GENEVA, ZURICH, CORSICA, ROME, NORTH AFRICA.

You can fly on these "same day" services, too, from MANCHESTER and GLASGOW. Ask your Travel Agent or:

AIR FRANCE 52-54 HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1
Whitehall 0971



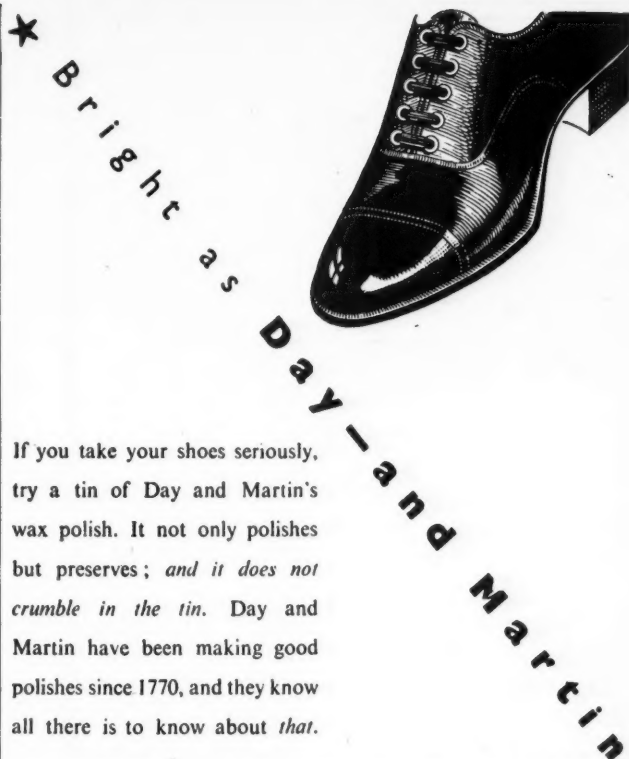
For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

have maintained their reputation as the best cigarettes in the world



Export Packing



If you take your shoes seriously, try a tin of Day and Martin's wax polish. It not only polishes but preserves; and it does not crumble in the tin. Day and Martin have been making good polishes since 1770, and they know all there is to know about that.

A GOOD NAME FOR POLISH

Day & Martin, New Southgate, London, N.11

CVR-21

*for short
or long drinks*

THERE'S zest and refreshment in a long drink braced with this authentic Vermouth. When gin is scarce and your thirst calls for something more than a straight St. George, try this:

★ Two ice cubes, a wineglassful of St. George and a splash of lime juice in a tall glass filled up with soda or tonic water—a winner!



ST. GEORGE VERMOUTH

SWEET or DRY



12/- A BOTTLE

By Appointment Australian Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
THE EMU WINE CO. LTD., LONDON, E.3



TO BECOME a customer of the Westminster Bank is not at all difficult. Your reception at the Bank will be friendly, the formalities slight—and you certainly do not need to have a lot of money. Why not call at your local branch now and prove these things for yourself.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

My word...



MERIDIAN!
Underwear. Slumberwear. Knitwear

By Appointment Peck, Frean & Company Ltd.



Biscuit & Vita-Weat Crispbread Manufacturers



Vita-Weat is good to eat *

A treat with any meal * The most

delicious form of wheat * How

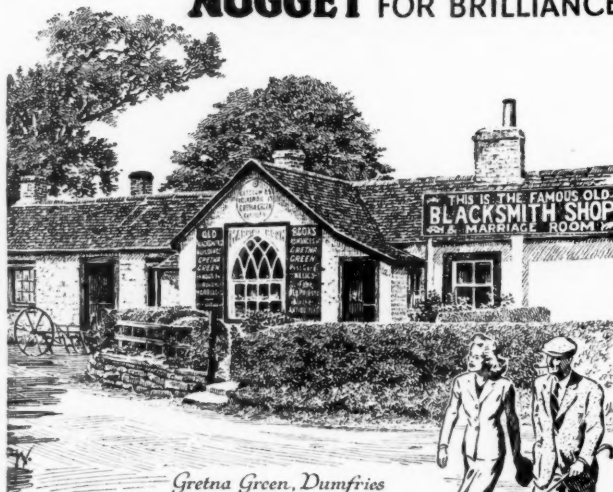
well it makes you feel!



Points reduced to 2 per lb.

PECK FREAN * MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS

**BRITAIN FOR BEAUTY-
NUGGET FOR BRILLIANCE**



Gretna Green, Dumfries

The regular use of Nugget keeps
shoes brilliant, comfortable
and waterproof

NUGGET BOOT POLISH

IN BLACK, BROWN & DARK BROWN
TINS 4d. & 8d.

Supreme for Quality N/OC



RUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIV No. 5602

May 5 1948

Charivaria

THE British Railways estimate their issue of tickets at sixty million annually. This makes it harder to understand the fuss if you lose one of them.

"A gowan 130 years old was worn at a Bushey (Herts) dress parade."—*Scottish Sunday Express*.

"I am not exactly aware," said Mr. Micawber, "what gowans may be . . ."



A country clergyman has a horse that puts on its own collar. We understand, however, that the animal wears a collar of a comparatively simple secular design.

A young soldier on his first day in barracks played darts with his sergeant-major, who beat him. The psychiatrist attached to the unit has reported that this recruit is

eminently suitable for a transfer to the Diplomatic Corps.

"We did everything but lay the blocks because we needed that housing very badly," said Mr. Wolff. A great deal of building fell on Government officers, who would be grateful for technical advice."—*East African Standard*.

Wear tin hats.

"Is there a tactful way of indicating to visitors that it is time they left?" asks a correspondent. Apart, that is, from closing their air corridors.

A telephone supervisor has received an angry communication from a subscriber by registered letter. Other means of communication having failed?

"The outlook for fats was not very encouraging, but on a long-range view 'one cannot but believe that the answer is going to be found in the opening up of the tropical belt.'"—*New Zealand Herald*.

It will make a change from tightening up the home one.

Denis Compton, we are told, will not have a new bat for the Test Matches, but will use one he has had for years. It is feared, however, that Don Bradman will go one better and use one he has had for centuries.

A correspondent writes to a daily paper to say he rolls his own cigarettes. What does he expect now? The heavy workers' extra ration of cheese?

"Standing astride, raise legs forward and upward. Bend over to left till hands touch ground behind left foot. Keeping arms outstretched, raise body and repeat. . . ."—*New Zealand paper*.

Not again, thank you.

Motorists, we read, are now very busy with spanners in a frantic rush to get their cars roadworthy for the first of June. The quaint old custom of gathering nuts in May seems to be coming into its own again.



Chivalry

IT happened at the end of the week before last. It is a little thing to remember now but it made its mark at the time, as little things will.

I had taken the wireless out into the garden to listen to the Cup Final, because I could not stand the noise of the Cup Final on the wireless across the road. The blossoms of a Japanese Cherry dropped on to my head and a blackbird hopped at my feet. I was all alone. It did not seem worth while to make tea, but I hoped to have some dinner when there was anyone to cook it. This did not happen till about seven.

"I am hungry," I said, "and tired after my game."

"There's absolutely nothing to eat in the house."

"Do you mean to say we've got to go into London to get a meal?"

"We might try one of those little places in the High Street."

So we went.

The High Street is dotted with little refectories, all bearing poetical names. There is one called The Blue Bird and another called The Holly Bough. Some of them are marked OPEN and some CLOSED.

"This one is open," I said.

It was called Avalon.

"I dare say it's all right."

"I dare say it isn't."

The chairs and tables in Avalon were set very close together and there was nowhere to hang up your hat. I suppose an enterprising man could make a fortune by selling hat-pegs to Avalons.

We sat down. No, not at first. To sit down one had to ram one's chair hard into the back of the chair at the table behind, and whoever was sitting on that chair had to move his table or her table a bit, and whoever was sitting at the opposite side of that table had to ram his or her chair back a bit, and have the next table moved on a bit too. Like shunting trucks. But when all the furniture on one side of the room had been readjusted we did sit down and everybody got wedged in again.

"This seems to be the menu."

"The bill of fare," I said. "I am feeling very English to-night because of the Cup Final."

"Just as you please. You can have pressed beef and salad, or sardines on toast, or dried eggs on toast, or something at the top I can't read, and ices afterwards."

"I'll have something at the top you can't read."

"I can now. It's *potage*."

"Say soup."

"Soup."

The waitress came. She was elderly but looked kind.

"What is this soup of yours?" I said.

"It's a very good soup. Thick soup made from stock."

"Let us begin with this soup. So you went to the ballet."

"You know I did."

"What was it?"

"*Le Lac des Cygnes*."

"The Lake of the Swans."

"Quite possibly. Who won the Cup Final?"

"It might have been Blackpool, but it wasn't. I thought it would be Blackpool, but we fell off towards the end. The cup fell down too and came to pieces, but the Duke of Edinburgh picked it up again."

"That was very nice of him."

"We all thought so. Have you got your book of the words?"

It is a weakness of mine to study very carefully the programmes of the ballet supplied by the Royal Opera House to its patrons. I have a passion for sentences like:

In order to deceive him the magician puts on the appearance of the toy-maker and turns all the water-nymphs into golden dolls. Duped by this ruse the Count entering with his companions forgets his love for Pipistrelle, and transfers his affections to Fifi. There is a general merry-making . . .

I find that many people are too much absorbed by the dancing and the music and the spectacle to pay any real attention to the plot.

"Good," I said, when I had read the story from end to end. "And you enjoyed the Lake of the Swans?"

"I always enjoy *Le Lac des Cygnes*."

"The Lake," I said, very firmly, "of the Swans."

It was at this point that the waitress brought two bowls of soup and tipped the whole contents of one of them into my lap. Some men, I think, would have been annoyed. I simply stood up, or as nearly up as I could stand without hurting the lady in the chair behind, and smiled. The thing was very sudden, like a goal that is headed from a corner, or an arrow in the heart of a faun. I had a notion that some of the other people in the wedge of seats were smiling also. This was wrong of them. They could not have realized the extent of my pain.

"However could I have done that?" said the waitress, who was almost in tears. "I've never done that the whole of the time I've been here, not once." She hurried away and came back with a dish-cloth. I mopped. I remained perfectly calm.

"Never once," she repeated, "not the whole of the four years I've been here." She then went back and brought another bowl of soup.

"I think that was rather a tactless remark of hers," I said when she had gone again. "I had rather hoped she did it to everybody the first time they came in. A kind of Accolade to Avalon."

"Is it very hot?"

"Not for April. If it had been June it would have been rather oppressive, I think."

"And suppose it had been a pot of tea."

"If it had been a pot of tea——" I began. But I didn't go on.

"I dare say it'll all come out."

"And I dare say it won't."

I now noticed that the whole contents of the bowl had not fallen on my lap. A fair portion had splashed on to my hat which I had placed on a chair by my side.

"That is just the kind of thing," I said quietly, "that is so hard to explain if one meets friends in the street. 'What on earth have you done to your hat?' they say. 'Oh, nothing. I only spilled a few spoonfuls of soup on it.' They cannot visualize the scene."

We went through the whole entertainment to the icy end. When we had got out of the wedge and reached the door the waitress came to us again.

"It's not every gentleman who would have taken it like that," she said to me.

"Though I don't quite see how else I could have taken it," I said as we moved into the night. "There wasn't the slightest chance to turn round."

But I must have been more agitated than I supposed, for I found when we got home that I was clutching in one hand the ballet programme which I thought I had left on the table.

Evening falls, and everyone joins in a Polonaise, I read, while the Prince sits plunged in melancholy. Suddenly a flight of swans cross the sky and seeing them he determines to join the chase.

There was a large brown stain on the word "melancholy."

"I'm very sorry for her, aren't you?"

"I am indeed. Far, far more than for myself."

"And fancy calling it 'Avalon.'"

"I think it's rather a good name really. 'Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.' There's nothing said about the waiting."

"I suppose you tipped her."

"I over-tipped her. After all, she only charged us for two of the soups."

EVOE.



PLEASURE ISLAND

[Half a million visitors from overseas are expected in Great Britain this summer.]



"With fares as they are, we're beginning to find we've got to TEMPT them."

"To Take Effect in the Michaelmas Term"

MY friend Ratchett, on the occasion of his son's eighth birthday a year or two ago, put the boy's name down for Dunwich, Hallbergh, Ramstock, Sedgwick, Cranbury and the Golosh Academy. He is a man who looks ahead and makes plans. "If," he told me, "one wants to be sure of a vacancy it is necessary to cast one's net pretty widely. And besides that, who can tell five years ahead which school will be on the up and which on the down grade? By 1952, for all I know, the Headmaster of Sedgwick may have left to become Solicitor-General. Ramstock may be in the hands of a retired Indian Civil Servant. In fact six schools are all too few." And that night he wrote off to the Registrars of Hackfield and Cuttlehurst, receiving replies in due course from the Bursar and the Headmaster's Secretary respectively.

I do not know whether the majority of parents regard six as the bare minimum of schools for their sons to be registered at. If it is so, five-sixths of the great public schools that congratulate themselves on being full up for the next ten years are living in a fool's paradise, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that five-sixths of the paradise in which each school is living is folly. But I do know that parents

who believe in being on the safe side have learned to dread the postman's knock at any time these last couple of years. Hardly a week passes, Ratchett says, but one or other of his team of schools sends him a printed communication beginning "Dear Sir or Madam,—The Governing Body, after a careful and exhaustive examination of the financial position . . ."

The words immediately following, according to Ratchett, are critical. Their general sense is not in doubt, but from the actual form of expression used an experienced parent can tell, to within a pound or two, what he is going to see when he turns the page over. Ratchett, for his own convenience, has made out the following table:

Phrasing	Equivalent Increase in Fees per annum
regret the necessity are obliged	£15
have no alternative but to are reluctantly compelled	£20
have, with great regret and reluctance, decided	£30
	(and no remission for younger brothers)

Though sound enough for all initial increases, some caution should be exercised, he adds, when using this table for subsequent communications from schools. For instance, a Governing Body may easily display as much regret and reluctance over the third increase of £15 p.a. within a twelvemonth as it would for a jump of £30 coming after a clear year's interval. As a rough guide, the words "once again" (e.g., after "compelled") may be taken to knock five pounds off the expected figure.

It is quite unnecessary, Ratchett says, to do more than read the opening sentence of these leaflets, with perhaps a quick glance at the actual figure on page 3 to check your conclusions. The rest of the communication is pure routine. Page 1 stresses the almost superhuman efforts that have been made to avoid a step that can now no longer be deferred. Every possible economy has been explored and enforced. The staff have voluntarily accepted a cut in their laundry allowance, and the boys have been asked, wherever possible, to write on both sides of the paper. But the cost of living (it is explained) has risen, and further retrenchment could only be setured at the cost of the efficiency of the school.

The paragraph on page 2 beginning "The Governors are not unaware . . ." deals sympathetically with the difficulties of parents, and increases them by abolishing the allowance for absence through illness or other cause. It adds that applications for a reduction in fees can now only be considered in the case of boys both of whose parents are in Holy Orders or have become eligible, through residence in Ceylon, for the Goonesekara Grant of up to £3 per annum.

The last paragraph, before one reaches the actual

Revised Annual Fees, is particularly not worth reading, Ratchett says. It merely remarks that the Governors reserve the right to increase the fees without notice at any time, should such a step be found necessary.

Ratchett now tells me that he has sent the following circular letter to the Governing Bodies of Dunwich, Hallbergh, Ramstock, Sedgwick, Cranbury, the Golosh Academy, Hackfield and Cuttlehurst:

COLOMBO,

Tuesday.

From Rev. A. Ratchett

DEAR BODY,—This is to inform you, with great reluctance, that the cost of living has also gone up here. The Archdeaconess and I are already smoking our cigarettes at both ends and further economies would gravely impair the efficiency of our home. Will you please note, therefore, that no further intimations of increases in annual fees can possibly be entertained here, except in the case of Bodies that are prepared to have my son's name withdrawn without notice at any time. An exhaustive examination of my financial position appears on the other side of this paper.

P.S. (for Golosh Academy only).—I regard the "Special Reduction of £2 per term for the sons of Old Gumboots only," mentioned in your last leaflet, as a piece of impertinent eyewash, considering that the Consolidated Library Subscription has been "reluctantly doubled." This is tantamount to reserving the use of the Consolidated Library (whatever that may be) for the exclusive use of the sons of Old Gumboots—an obviously bad thing.

I reserve the right not to believe in this letter.

H. F. E.

Fashion Note

THE New Look suit for men should be available by mid-summer, in time for the holidays. The jacket is longer, cut very loose at the shoulders and fairly tight at the waist. Lapels are narrower, emphasizing the acute angle of the new neckline. Sleeves are tighter at the cuff, trousers at the ankle . . . (Daily —)

I have been expecting this for some time, ever since the "new look" for women, with its prodigal consumption of material, coupons and money, first made the headlines. I felt it coming on.

Harsh and unjust though they are, I am not complaining about these new impositions: but the cheap trick by which they have been loaded upon us nauseates me, as it must all self-respecting males. We are driven to new extremes of austerity and then told how lucky and extravagant we are to get the "new look" for mid-summer. Look at this sketch, copied from a leading fashion magazine, and let me open your eyes to the truth:

1. Longer jacket. This is a device to cover and hide the section of trouser marred by shininess, glistening or "phosphorescentia" (as Stephen Leacock called it). The malady is caused by excessive cycling and can

only be avoided by an improvement in the supply of petrol for private motorists. Another point worth noticing is that the longer jacket makes the trouser-pockets less accessible and conserves small change.

2. Tighter cuffs. The big idea here is to hide frayed shirting, or to

neutralize the absence of shirting, frayed or otherwise. Questioned about this matter, a facetious Board of Trade official said: "We found that most men have nothing whatever to laugh up their sleeves about these days, so wide cuffs are a useless extravagance."

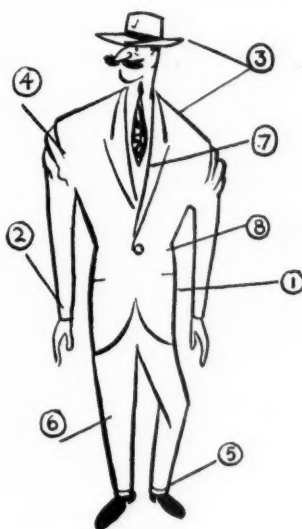
3. Shoulders slope at an angle of 15 degrees from the spiv-line. Raincoats being right out of the question for men supporting "new look" womenfolk, something had to be done to improve the drainage run-off in the jacket. The new hat is provided with a larger catchment brim.

4. Jacket cut very loose at the shoulders. The reason for this move is obscure, but may be connected with the crime wave. Nowadays many women like their menfolk to look tough. At a distance the looser shoulder-line gives the impression that firearms are being carried Chicago-style in the armpit.

5. Narrower trousers. Socks are neither seen nor worn this year. Another advantage of this style is that it economizes in steel—the kind of steel from which cycle-clips are made.

6, 7, 8. Economies much too obvious to need explanation.

Why not write to a woman M.P. about it? Hod.



Lives of Great Men

AT such times as this I think many of us must soberly ask ourselves at intervals whether we would not prefer to spend the next ten thousand years or so sitting on the back of a spirit tortoise two feet broad.

You will not catch my reference, perhaps, unless you have been reading a little book called *A Gallery of Chinese Immortals*, by Lionel Giles, M.A., D.Litt., just published by John Murray in the Wisdom of the East Series at four shillings. Cheering is the word, at such times as this, for the reflections induced by such a little book; no one as irresponsibly ignorant of Chinese history and affairs as I am can fail to find it full of inconsequential charm. It consists of "selected biographies translated from Chinese sources" of fifty or sixty of the venerable and picturesque characters known as *hsien*, who existed in remote antiquity and apparently went on existing for very many centuries thereafter—for they were also called "immortals" and if they didn't achieve immortality they certainly seem to have got as near it as makes no difference.

Consider that tortoise, for instance, which comes into the biography of Huang An. We are told quite flatly that Huang An "used to sit on a spirit tortoise, two feet broad, and to those who asked him how many years he had sat there he replied . . ." This only serves, I may remark in parenthesis, to remind us of the gulf between psychological attitudes then and now. To ask how long he had sat there was obviously a constant question to Huang An, one he was prepared with a stock answer for (and it's a beauty, too—couched in the form of one of those Tom-is-half-as-old-as-Ted algebra problems and working out to ten thousand years, a result with which only the most slapdash algebraists usually find themselves in such an instance confronted*), but how many of us to-day, finding an elderly gentleman sitting on a tortoise (two feet broad), would accost him with such an inquiry?

"Been there long?"

"Oh—mustn't grumble. Er—could you tell me who won the Battle of Hastings?"

The expression "biography" may perhaps give a wrong impression. Some of the Immortals, to be sure, are described in considerable detail; but others are represented by hardly more than a couple of baffling anecdotes, or a few such dead-pan announcements as "He used to boil white stones and use them as food." And as the opening of a life-story I have seldom seen anything to beat this: "Wu Kuang lived in the time of the Hsia dynasty. His ears were seven inches long."

What I like most about this method of biography is its absence of woolly interpretation and philosophizing. "He would place a bowl of water between his two elbows and blow upon it, whereupon a brilliant red light would shoot up from the water to a height of ten feet." This was Yü Tzū, and that is simply offered with the implication that it was one of his habits; we hear that he afterwards used the water for medical purposes ("In every case the cure was instantaneous"), but there is no tiresome speculation about what led him to adopt this method of preparing it.

The Immortals in fact were a highly enviable lot, who had brought the art of living to a pitch undreamed of in our own drab days. Dr. Giles explains about them in his Introduction: the great point was that by addiction to certain foods and drugs, but particularly by certain physical exercises, control of breathing and assiduous cultivation of the mind, they succeeded in living for immense periods and

often acquired supernatural powers very useful when it was convenient to impress somebody. When Lao Tzū, for example, whose great aim was "to absorb strength without dissipating any," was visited in annoyance by the Emperor, who expressed impatience with his lack of proper humility in the Imperial presence, it must have been very satisfying "by way of reply" to clap his hands and, remaining in a sitting posture, slowly levitate into mid-air like a rising cloud, "until he hovered motionless in celestial space, some thousand feet above the earth"—from which commanding position he then spoke in a tone (I cannot help thinking) rather like that so skilfully assumed for radio plays by Mr. Ronald Simpson or Mr. Heron Carvic.

The Emperor was suitably impressed, and "made humble obeisance"; so Lao Tzū "presented him with a copy of the two holy books." We don't hear whether he wrote anything on the fly-leaves.

Perhaps the most cheering thing of all (at such times as this) is that the happy state of these remarkable characters is apparently attainable; and not only through a course of hard work. "As time went on," says Dr. Giles, "more and more importance was attached to the swallowing of a special drug or elixir, which could make one immortal on the spot, without further trouble"—and page 11 of this stimulating little volume gives what almost amounts to a prescription. I don't say the directions are complete, but see what you can do with cinnabar, realgar, copper carbonate, sulphur, mica, sal ammoniac, nitre, and ochre.

Recognition may take time, but comes inevitably to the right man. People began to have suspicions about Tu Tzū, for one, because "for several hundred years he alternated between robust youth and old age, good looks and ugliness." Then there was Chang Tao-ling, who was able to multiply his bodily form: "at one and the same time he would be seen floating in his boat on the lake, reciting Taoist scriptures in the main hall, talking to his guests with his elbows on the table, and humming verses as he leant on his staff. This puzzled everybody very much."

If you don't like the local conditions, you can always follow the example of Wu Kuang, who took a stone on his back, threw himself into the Liao river, and disappeared for over four hundred years.

As for me, I'm making a very gradual and tentative approach to the whole business. I'm keeping a sharp look out for a nice amiable spirit tortoise, two feet broad, quiet in all gears.

R. M.

o o

The Children of the Gods

NOW once again they gather on the hill,
The elusive children of the gods are come.
I heard them in the deep wood, and the hum
Of their high voices; they are never still,
They flicker like a fire; they overspill
From the bright beaker of Elysium.
Now all the forest birds have fallen dumb,
And the swart woods with noiseless watchers fill,

To see that coloured throng, laughing at play
Upon the sunlit green; no voice at all
Is lifted, and no movement. We must stay,
Watching, until the gentle shadows fall
And the enchanted children fade away
To their high thrones in the eternal hall.

* Do you follow me? Congratulations!

Further Japanese Complications

(From our Correspondent East of Suez)

THE naval dockyard at Kure is a most horrifying example of the misdirection of human effort. It runs along a three-mile platform of rock beside a great harbour surrounded by mountains. You could anchor the entire British Fleet there and find room for most of the British Army in the caves that run into the mountains.

Kure was Japan's great naval secret. Mountains of scrap metal went in at one end and the biggest battleships in the world came out at the other. The railway was deflected round a loop line. High walls cut off all views and the inhabitants were never allowed to move out of the area. If a fisherman was driven into Kure in a storm he stayed there. In one section where they produced a secret torpedo that left no track the workmen were never even allowed out of the factory. The

beside the battered skeleton of a cruiser. From the air it looks exactly like the toy-box of a very naughty boy.

At Kure they built the *Yamato*—the biggest battleship ever made. The last time it went to sea it was ordered to prevent the Americans from attacking

other was for firewood near Tokio. In each case only a couple of dozen women were involved.

In due course we arrived in the ruined building which marked the point of explosion. Inside, a dozen charming little Jap children were playing hide-and-seek. Outside, another group were sitting on the roadside busily—and most effectively—painting the scene. There is a tall building nearby that you climb to get a better view of the damage, but we couldn't get up far as it was being converted into a ping-pong club.

A few days later I greatly admired the Japanese garden outside the Generals' Mess on Eta Jima. Gnarled evergreen trees twisted in complicated patterns. Fish swam in a pool that must have been there for centuries and the water was spanned by an ancient Japanese bridge painted scarlet. One



Okinawa. When the captain got the order he pointed out that he had not enough oil fuel for the return voyage. The authorities replied they were not unaware of the position. The *Yamato* went down with a crew of three thousand.

Hiroshima is even more fantastic. There the local inhabitants have the last word in bomb stories and they know it. We tried to play up a V2 story, but it might have been an incident in the Wars of the Roses.

"First I will conduct you to the actual point of explosion of the atomic bomb," our interpreter announced with dignified pride. As we proceeded my first impression was that we had come to the wrong town. To the untrained eye there are surprisingly few signs of damage in Hiroshima. There are shops everywhere and they are all full. Everyone looks well and happy. There is lots of food in the shops and I didn't see a single queue. For that matter in a month in Japan I only saw two queues. One for freshly-landed fish on the sacred island of Miya-Jima. The

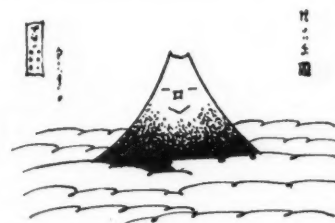
could even see where the water had worn away the stone. But it turned out that the whole thing, rocks and all, was only a year old. It had been set up in a week by an elderly little gardener and a few friends. Trees, rocks, ponds and fish had all come in a van. Even the place where the water had worn away the stone was just a part of the local service.

I said farewell to Japan from the air. We were flying just above the clouds in blazing sunshine when we passed the summit of Mount Fujiyama towering up through the clouds, high against the blue sky. This was quite real and very, very old—but it wouldn't have surprised me in the least if it had vanished like a magic-lantern slide. That is, in fact, rather how you feel about the whole of Japan.



district was a patriotic prison. Surrounded by fishing villages and tiny farms, this concentrated arsenal produced everything for naval war from 18-inch guns to range-finders.

To-day it is the biggest scrap-heap on earth. Great jagged slices of warships are littered about with guns torn from turrets. A couple of dozen midget submarines lie rusting beside miles of scorched machine shops. In a vast dry dock a 3,000-ton submarine built to carry petrol to aircraft lies





"Would you mind turning down your radio—or switching over to the Light?"

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

TO-DAY I am tackling what forms a very large class of modern literature, *i.e.*, Fiction about Three Sisters, skill in which is essential to the literary aspirant.

These three sisters lived in a large square house near the British Museum. It had four stories and was made of brick-coloured brick. The front was very flat and had oblong windows at fixed intervals, and all in all it was a house that got preserved a good deal. Whenever the sisters wanted any minor repairs done all they had to do was to stir someone up to threaten it and money came rolling in. In front it rose flush from the street, and behind was a little walled garden with a mulberry tree, a sundial and, intermittently, grass. It was called "The Larches." Since the eldest was eight they had lived on their own in Bloomsbury, chaperoned, but not inhibited, by an old nurse of pliable temperament.

They each had one floor of the house and the top floor was kept for nurse Fifi, where, amidst her treasures, mainly work-baskets and jugs, she tatted happily away. On the ground floor lived Marion, her fine old English furniture beeswaxed, her silver gleaming, the Best Authors calfbound on her shelves. Though only twenty-five she habitually wore black and a mob-cap; she hoped to snare a husband whose family had a tradition of Gracious Living, or, preferably, an American millionaire. On the next floor lived Micky, among a number of large, gay cushions, half-finished applied arts and foreign bottles. She wore either a painter's smock or plus-fours, and hoped to entrap a wealthy dealer, or, preferably, an American millionaire. Above her lived Monica, surrounded by Blue Books, foreign press-cuttings and fumed oak. She wore rimless spectacles and a blouse, skirt and red tie. She had her hooks ready for a refugee, or, preferably, a (socially-conscious) American millionaire.

There had been many suitors after the sisters, peering in the windows, beckoning enticingly through the letter-box, putting heart-felt short ads in the local press. The basement, which was large and stately and included a

claret cellar, a port cellar and a cider cellar, was converted into small and uncomfortable apartments and let out to love-sick swains at high rents. But no impression was made on the business-like hearts of the sisters. Differ as they might among themselves in way of life and choice of bait, they were united in the determination that any match they made should be one to strike envy into the bosoms of Bloomsbury, no mean feat and one worthy of the highest concentration and skilful manoeuvre. One candidate, Mack McIntosh, was perhaps slightly more favoured than the others and generally ranked as the most likely to be residuary of their affections; but even for him chances were slender, and it was thought that not till advancing years had made the sisters abandon hope of attaining their desire would he have a look in. He was a statistical prosodist of incredible learning who supported himself in a scholarly indigence by the creation of such characters as Ahasuerus the Anteater, Pisistratus the Platypus and Wiggles the Wireworm.

One night, when all Bloomsbury lay abed and even Soho was snatching a few fevered slumbers, the clatter of hooves was heard coming along Montague Street; square after square re-echoed to the sounds of a vehement horsemanship. As the solitary traveller arrived opposite "The Larches" his steed fell on the greasy road and he was flung against the door. The noise aroused the sisters, who reacted each in their characteristic way. Marion pulled a complicated bell to summon old Fifi, Micky assumed it was a late guest and uncorked a bottle of gin, Monica hid her newspaper-cuttings under a loose floorboard in expectation of a raid. Eventually the traveller got succoured. To the intense interest of the hostesses their guest turned out to be an American millionaire from Texas who, having landed at Liverpool, was heading for the Savoy. All three, despite the lateness of the hour, felt that opportunity had knocked at their own particular door and set to work to entoil him in their wiles; but somehow little headway was made. Tod seemed uninterested by the pages of Goldsmith which Marion read aloud in her precise articulation. Torn away to see the pictures in Micky's studio, he greeted each with cold politeness as "mighty purty," and then described with enthusiasm the sunset on his ranch as seen through a wreath of roses round his back porch. Monica could get no response at all from him, beyond the politically illiterate remark that there was a whole heap of regular fellers most places if you looked for them.

Taking it for granted that in this exhausting household one continued to climb, before he could be stopped he had made his way to the third floor, where, in a rep nightgown and curlers from the *Family Herald*, old Fifi was preparing to return to bed. "Lawksamussy!" she exclaimed, "the poor lad looks fit to pass away." Pushing him into a chair she attended to his bruises, clucking disapprovingly over his state, while he fixed an entranced gaze on a portrait of Spurgeon framed in sea-shells. With one of those sudden decisions so characteristic of the breed he seized old Fifi's hands and raced her down the stairs, summoning the sisters with a cry he had found so useful on the plains. "Me and her's a'gwine ter git spliced. Mebbe she's a bit older 'n me, but I guess she's what I've been looking for. Old Doc Riley, the ranch psycho, said I wanted a mother-substitute, and, sirree, here she sure is."

When the impetuous groom bore old Fifi away beyond the seas the hopes of the sisters vanished with her, for surely chance would not throw a millionaire in their way a second time: Mack McIntosh kindly calculated for them that the odds against it were $\frac{100,010,001}{3(a^3 + b^3 + c^3)^3}$ to 57.



"The head cashier has embezzled thirty-five pounds and fled the country."

The Albertina Collection

A HUNDRED and twenty drawings from the Albertina Collection of Old Masters in Vienna have been lent by the Austrian Government for the Arts Council's exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where they will remain until May 29th. The aim of the selection is to illustrate those fields in which the Albertina is particularly rich, and the result is an assembly of masterly drawings of the German and Italian Schools of the sixteenth, the Dutch and Flemish of the seventeenth, and the French of the eighteenth centuries.

The chief pride of the Viennese Collection is a long series of drawings by Dürer, and no fewer than twenty-two of his works, ranging from the astonishingly assured self-portrait drawn at the age of thirteen to a study of St. John executed nearly forty years later, are shown for the first time in this country. The study of "Hands in Adoration," drawn with a fine brush on blue paper, and the famous water-colour of "A Hare" are among the drawings well known to us through reproductions, but the visitor should not overlook the claims of Dürer's "Head of an Old Man" (No. 101), and the delicate sketch of a quay (99) made soon after the artist's arrival in Antwerp in 1520.

The Dürers, as well as the Rembrandts (which include a study of an elephant and a swift note of a bridge over a canal, both little miracles of spontaneity) are for the most part records of impressions jotted down purely to please the artist, and singularly revealing for that reason. This immediacy is usually absent from the Italian Renaissance drawings and, as we observe particularly in Michelangelo's incomplete studies of figures, the sketches are more often than not preliminary stages in the development of a painting and owe their survival to accident rather than design. But even so, even if one judges each study only as the solution of some problem of anatomy or pose, how consummate a work of art, for example, is Raphael's

"Madonna with the Pomegranate" (surprisingly never used in a painting) or his sketch of two nudes in red chalk presented to Dürer as an example of his friend's style—*Im sein hand zu weisen*, as the Northern artist has recorded in faded ink.

At the far end of the gallery the elegance of the French School is reflected in the graceful chalk drawings of Boucher, several exquisite Fragonards, and a single lovely study in sanguine by Watteau.

N. A. D. W.

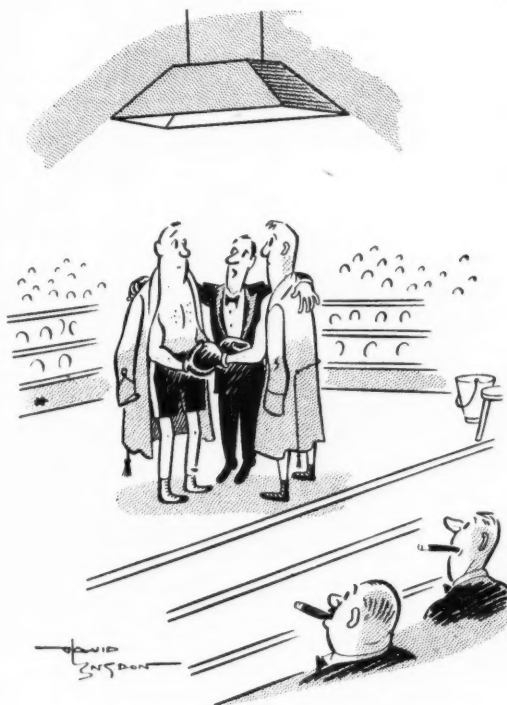
Variation on an Old Theme

A CROSS the panes above the sink
A chaffinch flew, mist-blue, rose-pink—
A costume proper for the sky . . .
I said "My turn to wash. You dry."

I saw a squirrel in a tree—
Quicksilver elasticity
Streaking the black-brown, rigid oak . . .
I filled the boiler up with coke.

I watched a cloud . . . and made my bed.
I heard the Spring . . . somebody said
"Dear, would you mind—this thing's gone
wrong . . ."
Re-echoed in a wren's loud song.

I took the dog out, chopped some wood—
The little chores a husband should:
I spent a helpful, cosy day . . .
And threw my scraps of verse away. JUSTIN.



"... and, remember, you're being televised."



"Then we'll have to leave the roof for the time being, Badger, but if you COULD fix up the gas ring in the kitchen . . ."

O-Ah!

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain
height
(Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came)
O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright,
O hollow wraith of dying fame,
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
(O mother, hear me yet before I die)
O hell! to choose love by another's eye.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home
(Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care)
Oh had I stayed and said my prayers at home!
O think na but my heart was sair.
O if thy pride did not our joys controul
(Ah, why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?)
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul.

Ah, with the grape my fading life provide
(O blest retirement, friend to life's decline)
O constancy, be strong upon my side
O bring with thee my Caroline.

O that your brows my laurel had sustained
(O sacred name of faithfulness profaned)
Oh had I rather un-admired remained.

Ah, Moon of my Delight who knowst no wane
(Oh come with old Khayyám and leave the Wise)
O raise us up, return to us again,
O that I were where Helen lies
O thou art fairer than the evening air
(Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?)
Oh, to be in England, now that April's there.

O may I join the choir invisible
(O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom)
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible
O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom.
O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
(Ah, men spin clouds of fuzz where matters
end)
Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend.

J. B. N.



A WARNING

MONDAY, April 26th.

—Members of both Houses walked or drove to their work to-day past Government offices unfamilarly bedecked with brilliant flowers and flags. The occasion of course was the silver wedding celebrations of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, who had gone through the sanded streets to St. Paul's in the morning for a special service of thanksgiving.

The two Front Benches in the Commons presented a dressy appearance, with even a few coloured waistcoats in evidence. As soon as questions were over Mr. ATTLEE rose and, in the gentle but effective oratorical manner he favours, moved a motion of congratulation to Their Majesties on this happy occasion. He mentioned the way in which the King and Queen had endeared themselves to the people, in good times and in bad, and gave it as his opinion that it was in part the wonderful example they set of married happiness that accounted for this.

There was a husky cheer when he added a hope that Their Majesties might celebrate their golden wedding in a world from which war had been banished for ever. Mr. CHURCHILL, supporting the Prime Minister's motion, said with emotion that while "many of us might not be here to see it," the hope was shared and echoed by all.

And the motion was carried *unanimously*.

In the Lords a precisely similar motion was carried with cheers, after it had been moved by Lord ADDISON and supported by Lord SALISBURY.

The business in the Commons was a further instalment of that seemingly-endless Representation of the People Bill, and Members spent a lot of time defending their own constituencies against obliteration. Most of them seemed to think it an excellent idea to reduce the number of constituencies—but to advocate some other Member's elimination in preference to their own. It was not a very inspiring affair.

Far more inspiring was the debut of that versatile Parliamentarian, Mr. VERNON BARTLETT, as a weather-prophet. Someone asked the Minister of Agriculture what he was going to do if there is a drought this summer, and the Minister (as Ministers will) replied to the effect that he must first catch his drought. Whereupon Gaffer BARTLETT sweeps aside his metaphorical whiskers and ups and says something to the effect that the oak be out before the ash, it be, an' all farm-workers consequently took the

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, April 26th.—Both Houses: Salute to Their Majesties.

Tuesday, April 27th.—House of Lords: Criminal Justice is Debated.

House of Commons: The Endless Story.

Wednesday, April 28th.—House of Lords: The L.C.J. on C.J.
House of Commons: Scottish Affairs.

Thursday, April 29th.—House of Commons: Postscript to a Sentence.

view that there *would* be a drought. The Minister said nothing—or (to keep the story in character) nowt. Mr. BARTLETT has a way of being right.

TUESDAY, April 27th.—Their Lordships assembled in force to consider the Criminal Justice Bill, chief point of which is the proposal to suspend for five years the death penalty for murder. This proposal was inserted, by a majority of twenty, on a free vote in the Commons.

Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, taking the two paces to the left of the

Lord SIMON, who himself, as Home Secretary, had had the grim duty of deciding the fate of condemned murderers, expressed his horror at the Lord Chancellor's "experiment" suggestion, which might cost many innocent lives. He was completely against the abolition of the capital sentence at the present time, when life was held cheap and lawlessness was prevalent.

But he had a proposal of his own to make—that the ancient and picturesque trial of a peer "by his peers" should cease. He warned any of his noble auditors who might be contemplating a breach of the criminal law that they must be careful ("Take the best legal advice") to choose a felony and not a misdemeanour, or, instead of finding themselves glamorously before the Court of the Lord High Steward, they might land in the far less picturesque but far more practical dock at the Old Bailey. An anachronism, he called the traditional procedure, and pointed out that the accused peer was not permitted to waive the elaborate and time-honoured ritual and elect to be dealt with in the ordinary courts.

Lord SAMUEL, another who had had the duty of deciding on reprieves of the capital sentence, was also against the "experiment" in the Government's Bill, preferring the flexibility permitted by the clemency and humanity of Home Secretaries. The Bishop of Winchester took a similar view, and added regretfully that there was not enough punishment in punishment these days.

Then Lord OAKSEY, who, as Lord Justice Lawrence, had the grim task of sentencing the accused at the Nuremberg Trial, delivered his maiden speech—and he too was against the "experiment." He found it strange that when we had just put to death our enemies (who had committed their crimes in the heat of war) we at once proceeded to abolish the death sentence for murder in Britain. He hated the death sentence and flogging and hard labour, but they must be retained for use if necessary.

And so it went on, with only two speakers—Lord HOLDEN and Lord DARNLEY—supporting the Government's proposal, the rest all condemning it. The debate was adjourned until to-morrow.

The Commons were still talking about the Representation of the People Bill, and it was still very, very unexciting, except for those whose

**Impressions of Parliamentarians**

43. Lord Templewood

Woolsack which traditionally enable him to take controversial part in debate, moved the Second Reading of the Bill and soon produced a shock. He of course commended the Bill, but added, with charming frankness, that the suspension of the capital sentence was directly against his own views and that he regarded "the experiment" with great misgiving. However, the House of Commons having decided on the experiment, it was the duty of the Lords to accept the decision—like a batsman given out by a silly umpire. Plainly unhappy and (to use his own word) embarrassed, the Lord Chancellor pleaded that the suspension should be tried out, even though with misgiving and apprehension.



"Using your car for the purpose of worship at Stonebenge my foot, lady!"

constituencies are in danger of being re-modelled out of existence.

WEDNESDAY, April 28th.—The House of Lords was as crowded as before when the debate on the Criminal Justice Bill was resumed. Lord TEMPLEWOOD, who, as Home Secretary ten years ago, was responsible for presenting a similar Bill, the passing of which was upset by the war, commended the new Bill's provisions. And he added that he was opposed to the death penalty—although he thought that the Government had bungled the handling of the whole matter.

Lord GODDARD, the Lord Chief Justice, gave it as his view that if the law were to be respected it must be in accord with public opinion, and he felt that people who condemned others to painful and often lingering deaths should not be allowed to live. There were bestial creatures whose crimes were so awful that they should be destroyed. "The depravity of human nature," said the Lord Chief, with an air of sad conviction, "is dreadful."

Lord SALISBURY, the Conservative

leader, commented on the political aspect of the problem the Lord Chancellor had posed, and bluntly told the House that it ought not to be influenced in its decisions by the fact that "another place" had come to a certain view. Their Lordships, he said firmly, must use their own judgment.

Lord HALIFAX, on whose sage advice the House places great value, gave it as his opinion that the House of Commons must have another chance to consider the matter—a formula which the Parliamentary-wise recognized as an invitation to cut the capital sentence clause out of the Bill, leaving it to the Commons to insist or not, as they chose.

And, although the Second Reading of the Bill was passed without a division, that seems the likely course when the Committee stage is taken in a week or two.

As is so often the case in their Lordships' House, it had been a dignified, well-informed and impressive debate, full of knowledge and wise advice, based on vast experience. And the Ministers present looked uneasy, for (as the lawyers would say) the

weight of evidence was clearly and heavily against them—or at any rate against the view imposed on them by a majority of the Lower House.

The Commons, after a somewhat peppery Question-hour, settled down to a nice, cosy, private chat on Scottish affairs.

THURSDAY, April 29th.—There was a condemned-cell air about the Commons too to-day. Overnight it had been announced that Mr. PLATTSMILLS had been expelled from the Labour Party because of his general political attitude, and that some twenty-one other M.P.s were faced with a week's ultimatum, requiring them to mend their ways or be expelled.

Everybody was extremely subdued. It was left to Mr. WILL GLENVIL HALL, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to provide a postscript and, incidentally, to give the House one of its deepest chuckles for a long time. Referring to something quite different, he said: "In this country it is the custom to invite, rather than compel, people to accept a particular attitude of mind."

Northern Spring

LOVELIER than dreams,
more real than waking light,
returns,
with primrose steps,
the Northern Spring.

The hawthorn buds,
the beech-spikes, long clenched tight
against the snow
are slowly opening.

Now suddenly sing
the quick, cold, cressy, streams;
the starlings straddle broken-chocolate
furrows;
rooks beat the morning air with urgent
paddle,

buck rabbits skip about their new-
delved burrows;
the cattle hungrily crop the first-bite
grass—

tree,
bird,
beast,
brook—
all know that life's begun
again:
across the hills cloud-shadows
pass
and kick their heels,
like colts,
against the sun.

R. C. S.

The Cosmic Mess

THE Mystery of the Exported Racehorse grows merrier, and looks like reaching a solution.

Interviewed yesterday, that Mr. Haddock said: "One of the few pleasures remaining to the thinking man is the pursuit and destruction of misleading statistics, and the uncountable readers of your excellent column are entitled to hear the latest news of the Exported Horse Affair. Far back, in his Interim-Budget speech, they will remember, Mr. Dalton said that he was going to put a tax on the totalisator at dog-races, but not at horse-races. Members, with ill-concealed surprise, said 'Why not?' He answered that some of the horse-tote takings were set aside for the promotion of horse-breeding, and that good horses, 'he was advised', were good exports. I pointed out, later, that of the £14,000,000 which passed through the horse-tote in a full year only £34,000, or less than $\frac{1}{4}$ d. in the £, was, in fact, devoted to horse-breeding; and no more was said about that. But the queer main argument remained that because the export of race-horses was nationally valuable, a bet on a horse-race should not be taxed in the same way as a bet on a dog. Some unknown official thrust upon the Financial Secretary to the Treasury (Mr. Glenvil Hall) a 'statistic' (can you have one?) which seemed to give powerful support to the argument:

"In the first nine months of the year 1947," he said, "the horse-breeding industry has assisted the export trade to the tune of no less than three million pounds in dollars."

"A man who knew about horses, you

will recall, wrote to your superb column and bluntly described the Treasury figure as 'fantastic'. 'The whole of the turnover in bloodstock sales in this country last year', he said, 'would not be near three million pounds; probably not one in twenty of the horses sold would be sent abroad, and not one in a hundred to dollar countries'.

"Well," continued Mr. Haddock, with a brave smile, "I asked the Board of Trade how many thoroughbred horses were, in fact, exported to 'hard-currency countries', and what was the total yield. The Board of Trade replied that thoroughbred horses were not shown separately.

"But the export of thoroughbred horses was, after all, the basis of the whole argument.

"I put another question to the Financial Secretary, who, I fancy, had by now discovered that a mistake had been made, and was very willing to put it right:

"He said:

"On the basis of the figures available for the first nine months of 1947, the total exports of British horses to all destinations amounted to about £3 million a year. The actual figure for the calendar year, as published in the Trade and Navigation Accounts for December, 1947, was £2,905,244. This total includes temporary exports, for which separate information is not available." (March 12, 1948)

"There is no more mention of 'dollars', you see, and the big figure is now admitted to include 'temporary exports'. These two differences are so important that our dear old immaculate Treasury might have been expected to express some mild regret

for putting the original statement into the mouth of its unfortunate spokesman.

"And there is more to come", continued Mr. Haddock. "Men who know about horses have been studying the Trade and Navigation Accounts 1947: and they have been given some frank and interesting information by H.M. Customs and Excise (Statistical Office).

"The true story is remarkable.

"You will see about the export of 'Animals, Not For Food', on page 291 of the Accounts. 'Horses' (which, by the way, include ponies) are divided into 'Stallions, Mares, Geldings and Other Kinds'. The total value of our horse-export to the United States of America in 1947 is given as £141,269: and the total, it appears, for all dollar countries is £265,211 (233 horses)—rather different from the lordly £3,000,000! To France we sent 262 horses (value £289,682). To Eire, on the other hand, much the largest market, went 1,976—value £1,789,760.

"But now stand by for another big joke. 'Exports', as the Secretary revealed, include 'Temporary exports'. That is, when *Love Lies Bleeding* goes over to France or Eire to race it becomes an 'export' and proudly swells the 'export figures'. And when our horses come home they are, or should be, included in the import figures. (It is whispered that, 'by an oversight', this was not done last year.)

"The 'values', in these cases, are 'declared Custom values', and do not mean, as the ordinary chap would suppose, money made for the old country. They also, it is believed, include insurance.

"Then there are 'Exports of Imports'. These would include, e.g., the return to France of the French invaders of Epsom and Ascot. The total value of these is £553,672, and about half this 'Trade' goes to Eire.

"Now, we have seen that the total export figure for 1947 was £2,905,244—(3,703 horses)—and if you like to add the 'Exports of Imports' it was £3,458,916.

"But what was the 'Import' figure? Stand by! The value of the horses imported was £5,314,065, and the number 16,365. If all these figures mean anything, then we have an adverse balance of trade of £1,855,149.

"Our 'balance of trade' with Eire, for example, is far from hearty. The excess of our imports over our exports was 'at least £2,312,860'. We exported 2,121 horses, and imported 15,685.

"For France the excess figures are 59 and £293,296.

"But what, you will say, about the

'Dollar countries' which were the beginning of the argument?

"Here, I am glad to say, we have a favourable balance. But it is not startlingly large. It is £227,736 (211 horses).

"That", said Mr. Haddock, with a pained smile, "is rather a long way from £3,000,000, is it not?"

"And it is not, perhaps, a very powerful foundation for the argument that the horse-totalisator should be free of tax.

"I hate", he continued wanly, "to hurt the faith of anyone in anything. But this sort of thing does make you think about Government 'statistics', does it not?"

"It does", this column replied. "But how, Mr. Haddock, do such things happen?"

"That", responded the legislator, "is a question of high human interest—and importance.

"It is often said that you must not blame the Civil Servants. But in this case I refuse to blame the Minister.

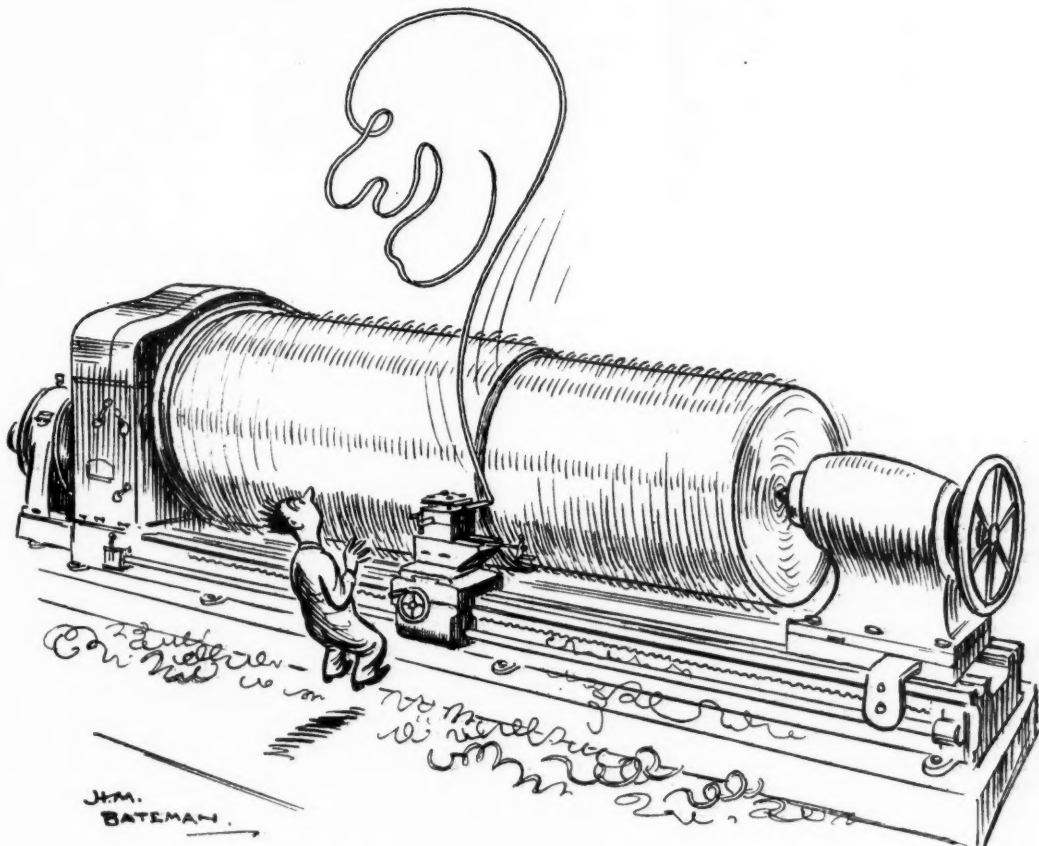
Obviously, he would not, of malice aforethought, stand up in the House of Commons and give a figure thirteen times as large as the true one. He is given a figure by some industrious public servant, whose job it is to provide Ministers with vivid and persuasive figures. He has no time to burrow in the Trade and Navigation Accounts or cross-examine the Statistical Department of H.M. Customs and Excise. He has faith in his loader, and fires away.

"You may say, of course: 'Ah, but the Civil Servant may have given the right figure and the Minister got hold of the wrong end of the stick. The Civil Servant may have said *pounds*—and the Minister converted it to *pounds in dollars*'. Unlikely. I do not think that that cock will fight very robustly here. No Civil Servant should have given the Minister that figure *at all* without making very clear *what* it meant and *how little* it meant. He should have said: 'Look here—of this £3,000,000 only one-thirteenth

(£227,000) is net dollar-earnings. And the whole figure is pretty misleading, because it includes the coming-and-going of a lot of horses which are not really "exports" at all. As a matter of fact, the "overall picture" of the nation's horse-dealing is pretty discouraging. We have an "overall balance" against us of at least £1,855,149: and if it is true that last year we failed to include repatriated race-horses as "imports" (though they were included in the "export" figures) the adverse balance may well be about £2,000,000. All this being so, Sir, perhaps the less you say about international horse-trading the better. And, anyhow, I'm not quite clear what it's got to do with taxing the horse-tote'.

"That, it seems," concluded Mr. Haddock sadly, "some faithful Civil Servant failed to say. I hate to be, if only for a moment, out of sympathy with our great Treasury, but I do hope that at this moment, somewhere in that fine building, there are at least two burning ears and a big red blush."

A. P. H.



THE LATHE

THIS year's Birthday play at Stratford will be remembered as the Gladstone-bag *Hamlet*, on account of its delightful draft on the picturesque pomposities of the nineteenth century; and also for an all-round level of good acting and for the worth-while experiment of having two alternate *Hamlets*, Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD and Mr. ROBERT HELPMANN, both of whom give fine performances, quite different in character, against an identical production. Mr. SCOFIELD's is the more exciting, because it touches us more deeply. It is a *Hamlet* genuinely stricken in soul, his whole world visibly shattered and upside down. Rich in feeling expressed with all the vibrant sensibility which increasingly marks Mr. SCOFIELD as one of our most promising young actors, it gets to the roots of the tragedy. He has a splendid voice, and, though there are blurred patches here and there, on the whole he speaks the poetry well. Mr. HELPMANN's interpretation is much colder; extraordinarily efficient, down to the smallest detail; exquisitely mimed and spoken; but it affects our heads rather than our hearts and, though it grips us, draws our attention less to *Hamlet's* plight than to what he will do next. In some small matters, such as the soliloquy while the *King* is praying, Mr. HELPMANN's arrangement is the more logical of the two.

One can quarrel with Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL's handling of the play, but only in the friendliest manner. The *King*, for example, though played by Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE with striking effect as a kind of three-bottle Prince Consort, is far too comfortable a man to justify his recorded villainy. Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT's *Ghost* is tremendously melodramatic, but its unbridled rage and advanced asthma suggest awkwardly a monarch on his way back from being carelessly buried alive. *Polonius* should be stabbed through the arras and not, where he would be in sight, behind it; and later in the same scene the *Queen* should surely look directly at the *Ghost* at least once before claiming not to see it. The adroit planning of the production and its many imaginative felicities,

however, vastly outweigh such failings. Mr. JAMES BAILEY's Gothic sets are extremely successful (especially the battlements, whose arches curve away into an immeasurable distance) and his costumes are lovely. I don't think the Victorian idiom is any harder to assimilate than was modern dress. There will probably be moments for everyone when it becomes imperative to laugh, but these pass quickly; for me they came with the *King's* top-



[Happy with Either

A BIGAMIST TAKES STOCK.

Christopher Benson MR. WILFRID HYDE WHITE
 Laura Benson MISS ANGELA BADDELEY
 Naomi Wright MISS VALERIE TAYLOR

hatted gloom at *Ophelia's* funeral and with the ferocity of the courtiers when, aroused after the death of *Polonius*, they brandished their swords from the quilted recesses of enormous dressing-gowns. One of the things I shall longest remember is the beautiful use of real candle-light. As the *Queen*, Miss DIANA WYNYARD, looking magnificent, shows an integrity she has too rarely been allowed to show in London; Miss CLAIRE BLOOM as *Ophelia* adds to the favourable impression she gave as *Blanch*; Mr. JOHN KIDD plays *Polonius* very amusingly, a family solicitor straight out of Dickens, and Mr. JOHN JUSTIN's *Horatio* and Mr. WILLIAM SQUIRE's eager *Laertes* are both charming.

Frenzy, at the St. Martin's Theatre, has been adapted from the Swedish of INGMAR BERGMAN by Mr. PETER USTINOV and is a powerful study of a coward so eaten up by crazy fears that his revenge on life lies in twisting the minds of others. As an assistant in a school where the standard of education appears abysmally low and the Head talks like a cavalry general just back from the Crimea, he is in an excellent position to do so. One of his sixth-form victims unwittingly steals his mistress, a girl he has already turned into a drunken nymphomaniac. Being an idealist, the boy wins her from brandy to tea; but the bully lures her into a carouse in which she dies, goes mad himself, and the boy is left broken-hearted. It is not pretty, but it is dramatic. Mr. USTINOV takes the bully brilliantly behind a twitching facade of slimy authority. Miss JOAN GREENWOOD as the girl is also very good, and, though their naïve love-affair somehow fails to be moving, Mr. DENHOLM ELLIOTT makes acceptable the boy's blundering decency. In addition there is a delightful sketch of a fatherly old master, by Mr. HAROLD SCOTT.

Miss MARGARET KENNEDY's new comedy, *Happy with Either*, at the St. James's, goes well for an act and a bit before fading into a tangle of improbabilities. These concern the real and bigamous wives, fast friends, of a vague don of melting manners who returns unrepentantly from prison once more to try his luck. The ladies' fury is quickly dissolved, and up to this point Mr. WILFRID HYDE WHITE carries us with him; it is in the further developments, when he seems to recapture first one and then the other on a permanent footing, that his acting, at times admirably funny, is too light and unvaried to be convincing. Miss ANGELA BADDELEY is as good as she can be in the uncertain part of the wife, Miss VALERIE TAYLOR grows convincingly more bitter, Miss CONSTANCE CUMMINGS as a refugee brings a refreshing dash of amorous intrigue, and Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND pleasantly demonstrates the long-term advantages of solid virtue. ERIC.

The Bath Assembly

IF you stand by the Roman bath and look upwards you can see Bath's splendid Gothic abbey far above your head. The Roman city is buried twenty feet deep, beneath the Bath of the Saxon, the Norman, the Tudor, and of Beau Nash. We are still able to enjoy the beauties of eighteenth-century Bath, though this in its turn is disappearing. The swans still glide lazily downstream beneath Robert Adam's exquisite bridge, and in a century-old music-shop on the bridge itself you can raise silvery echoes of the past from a harpsichord, a clavichord, or from the keys of Chopin's piano; but the finger of decay has touched the famous terraces. Holes have been torn in Royal Crescent, some of its houses are used as offices, and the grassy slopes that lead up to it have been turned into allotments. So, if you would see the Bath of bygone centuries, go by moonlight; for at night the present fades into the past and the glory of the eighteenth-century terraces and crescents, sculptured out of moonbeams, comes into its own.

In one wholly unexpected sense the eighteenth century has quite disappeared—from the faces of English men and women. To see English people of to-day in the dress of Beau Nash is to realize how clearly the twentieth century has placed its imprint upon their faces. The few among the huge crowd of visitors who attended the Georgian Ball at the elegant Pump Room in eighteenth-century dress looked in those surroundings like fish out of water, and it was not merely that sweeping skirts accord ill with the foxtrot. Your representative was so much startled by her own incongruous appearance in a picturesque wig that she left it behind; and it was only the knowledge that her bulging panniers were supported, not by the proper scaffolding, but by crumpled sheets of Mr. Punch's current issue and other up-to-the-minute literature tied round her waist with string, that lent her courage to appear in Georgian dress at all.

But the Bath Assembly of 1948 held more than enough delights to

compensate for feelings of nostalgia for the past, if indeed there were any who felt them. There was almost unclouded sunshine and an all-pervading scent of wallflowers; there were cherry-trees covered with bloom, and apple-blossom everywhere, even floating down the Avon. There were plays, film-shows and symphony orchestras; famous houses and gardens were thrown open to visitors; there was the Boyd Neel Orchestra discoursing Bach, Mozart and

Theatre Royal. The production was on a small scale to harmonize with the dainty proportions of the theatre, and was given in a new English version by the producer, BASIL ASHMORE. It was a charming and lively performance, and in the circumstances the big soprano aria "Märtern aller Arten" was best left out; but the new and flowery pseudo-Orientalisms that Mr. ASHMORE had put into the mouth of the Pasha added nothing to the character

and were tedious in the extreme. The honours of the evening went to *Osmín*, that crafty, bloodthirsty, lecherous but gloriously comic character, admirably sung by OWEN BRANNIGAN. The *Constanze* and *Belmonte* of MARGARET RITCHIE and RICHARD LEWIS were polished, though on a small scale. The conductor was BERTHOLD GOLDSCHMIDT.

For lovers of Bach there was a splendid performance in the Abbey of the *St. Matthew Passion* under CUTHBERT BATES, with moments of really beautiful singing from the soloists and combined local choirs. Nor were the children forgotten, for Professor SKUPA had brought his famous puppet theatre from Prague. There was a puppet music-hall for the youngest in the audience, and for the grown-ups a puppet performance of the quartet from *Rigoletto* that was the epitome of all Italian opera that ever was, with a pop-eyed, flaxen-wigged soprano; and young and old alike lost their hearts to Spejbl and his dutiful and gifted son Hurvinek, who performed prodigies on the xylophone, even though the dog did not think much of

THE FESTIVALS

THE Bath Assembly, noticed on this page, is only the first of a series of Festivals of music, drama and art arranged for this Olympic year. Here, for the convenience of readers, is a list of the most important of these events, with a note of a few of their chief attractions:

May 9th—16th. The Oxford Festival.

Royal Philharmonic and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestras. Choirs of Christ Church and Magdalen Colleges. Celebration of the centenary of the birth of Sir Hubert Parry.

June 19th—26th. The Canterbury Festival.

Special festival play by Christopher Fry. A "Harvest Festival of the World" Service in the Cathedral.

June 28th—July 10th. The Cheltenham Festival.

Contemporary British music, drama and art. Benjamin Britten and the English Opera Group Chamber Orchestra performing Britten's *Albert Herring* and his "new version" of *The Beggar's Opera*. John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra.

July 15th—August 14th. Olympic Games Arts Exhibition, London.

August 2nd—7th. The Welsh National Eisteddfod, Bridgend.

August 22nd—September 12th. The Edinburgh International Festival.

Hallé Orchestra. Glyndebourne Opera (*Così fan Tutti* and *Don Giovanni*). Yehudi Menuhin. Alfred Cortot. Artur Schnabel. American National Theatre and Academy (Orson Welles in *Othello*). Compagnie Renaud-Barrault (*Hamlet*). Sadler's Wells Ballet.

September 5th—10th. The Three Choirs Festival, Worcester.

Stravinsky, and LEON GOOSSENS who played with them GORDON JACOB's beautiful and delicate oboe concerto, and played it so enchantingly that one left the Pavilion in a dream. The beautiful night through which we walked home, over the river and past the shadowy Abbey, was an extension of the veiled mystery of the slow movement, and the soft sky was full of the staccato sparks that had flown up into the blue from the oboe in the first *allegro*.

MOZART's "Turkish" opera *Il Seraglio* was to be heard at the elegant little

his violin-playing.

Bath Assembly, in fact, had something to please everybody—everybody, that is, but one enraged American damsel who drove up in a hired car. "Nobuddy EVER knows ANYthing in this bleisted country!" stormed she, stamping her foot at the world at large. But as the world consisted at that moment of a tom-tit turning somersaults in a cherry-tree and of your representative leaning idly on a bicycle and wondering how to end this article, it was no very great matter. D. C. B.



"And this little piggy was kept a teeny-weeny little secret from the Ministry of Food."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray

IN *Two Quiet Lives* (CONSTABLE, 12/6) Lord DAVID CECIL has given in his delicate precise style a very interesting and perceptive study of two persons, Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray, who though not much alike in other respects seem both to have been born disillusioned, and to have mistrusted the world through intuition long before they had reason to mistrust it through experience. Dorothy Osborne is known to the ordinary reader for some charming passages in her letters to Sir William Temple, later her husband. Lord DAVID CECIL has now filled in the background of her unmarried life, which was spent in a country house near Bedford during the Commonwealth. Her marriage to Temple, with whom she was most deeply in love, was delayed during a number of years by opposition from both families, and when at last all obstacles were removed, within a week of the wedding Dorothy caught small-pox. The marriage took place when she was well again; but as five of her six children died and one committed suicide, and Sir William Temple evolved into an accomplished diplomat with a taste for belles-lettres, one may reasonably assume that her experience of life did not run counter to her early forebodings. Thomas Gray's story has neither the dignity nor the poignancy of Dorothy Osborne's, but it is more varied and entertaining—his schooldays at Eton, excellently described by the author, his Continental journey with Horace Walpole, their quarrel and subsequent reconciliation, the mild melancholy years at Cambridge, the discovery before Wordsworth of the Lakes.

H. K.

Dr. Goebbels' Opinions

A rummager among the ruins of the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin chanced upon filing-cases containing thousands of typewritten pages. He bartered the filing-cases for

something more useful to himself and sold the papers as scrap. Before they were destroyed the papers were found to be portions of *The Goebbels Diaries* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 21/-) in which "The Little Doctor," as Goebbels was familiarly called by his countrymen, recorded daily during the years 1942-43 his frank opinions of men and events. Dr. LOUIS LOCHNER (Berlin correspondent of the Associated Press for twenty years) has most ably edited and translated selections from the diaries and has written a very serviceable introduction to them based upon his personal knowledge of Goebbels and other Nazi leaders. Among these leaders Goebbels was outstanding for sheer intellectual ability and a realistic judgment. For while Hitler on the Obersalzberg dwelt physically and mentally amidst the clouds, Goebbels in Berlin kept his finger firmly upon the pulse of German and world opinion. By 1943, indeed, as Dr. LOCHNER says, Goebbels was "virtually running the country while Hitler was running the war." What Goebbels thought of the day to day conduct of the war, his hatred for the General Staff and the generals, his contemptuous opinions of Ribbentrop, Hess, Rosenberg, and even Goering after the Luftwaffe's failure—all this and much more besides is to be found in these—even repellently—fascinating and historically invaluable diaries. There is this startling admission: "Undoubtedly later generations will curse us for having brought such ruin upon the peoples of Europe."

I. F. D. M.

Lower Farm-to Church Cottage

No one will ever erect such a monument to the Cotswolds as Compton Mackenzie's "Guy and Pauline"; but that rare background of elm-and-willow and little stone towns, the seasoned characters, the racy speech, are still worth commemorating. The more fortunate said farewell to Windrush and Evenlode before the last war. There was, as Mr. DAVID GREEN notes, "a rash of aerodromes"; even reclusive manor houses like Tangle lost their noble trees; and bulldozers are still crashing through orchards, while peripatetic female inspectors inquire hopefully if the last water-mill is not redundant. There remains, however, much to be seen; and even more to be heard if your *Country Neighbours* (BLANDFORD PRESS, 10/6) are, as most of them are apt to be, old ones. Mr. GREEN's, accumulated around two Oxfordshire homes, comprise "the Strawberry Jims," who started fifty years ago growing their famous strawberries; Mrs. Chick, whose garden is described with Elizabethan gorgeousness and precision as "all knotted for bloom"; and Johnny Horne who, as hall-boy at Blenheim, beheld the first Vanderbilt duchess attended by her blackamoors. This enjoyable book would have been even more enjoyable had its topography been less vague. Its camouflage seems unnecessary in view of the author's pleasant relations with all concerned, and is calculated to induce a sense of confused frustration in the homesick Oxonian.

H. P. E.

Monarchy and the Chase

Monarchy and the Chase (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 16/-) is written with a glowing enthusiasm which sometimes, when the author remembers his own days in the saddle, almost rises into poetry. The purpose of "SABRETACHE" is to trace the activities of our English kings in the chase from the earliest practicable starting-point, which he fixes at Penda of Mercia, whose huntsman, Alwin, lived in Pythley village and provided his royal master with sport in the form of hares and stags, wolves and wild boars. Hunting, says the author, was fully organized by the seventh century, and he therefore rebuts the claim that

William the Conqueror was the father of modern hunting. William's savage forest laws and general cruelty are dwelt upon by "SABRETACHE," who used to hunt near Pevensy and says that in those days, towards the close of the last century, the Conqueror was still remembered in Sussex with the same kind of hatred as Cromwell in Southern Ireland. From the hunting standpoint the king who perhaps comes off worst is Henry VII, who, "SABRETACHE" says, was so timid that when he had to ride a horse in a procession, he gave orders that it should go unfed for the previous twenty-four hours. His granddaughter, Elizabeth, had plenty of courage, but her practice of shooting deer enclosed in netted spaces was indifferently sporting. This delightful book closes with a chapter on the hunting activities of Edward VIII and the present king, and a somewhat mournful glimpse into the future of hunting.

H. K.

A Happy History

It is fitting that in *Silver Wedding* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, 8/6) Mr. LOUIS WULFF should lay stress on the serious side of the King's character and the constant attention that he has paid to the service of the Commonwealth, not only since he ascended the throne but in many ways long before he accepted that life sentence to hard labour. To serve is probably the highest ambition of Their Majesties, and all who share their faith and every reader of this record of their lives must admit that they have both achieved it. Their perpetual journeys, not for pleasure but to fulfil round after round of public engagements, the King's practical interest in conditions in mines and factories, his persistent study of the affairs of his peoples, the Queen's countless kind and thoughtful attentions to the suffering, her ready support of every good cause, are touched on here and leave one marvelling that so happy a home atmosphere as that of our first family has been maintained with so little leisure in which to cultivate it. Yet for anyone who was in the Abbey on April 26th 1923, it should have been possible to prophesy, even then, that whatever else the years brought groom and bride, they would bring that happiness which all their people have just so sincerely joined with them in celebrating.

B. E. S.

Rebelsfield

The son of a "slaughtered saint" of 1916, who remarked that it was high time to stop rattling the bones of the dead to stir up the animosities of the living, is precisely the man Ireland—and the rest of us for that matter—needs to-day. Mrs. MARY HAMILTON, whose *Green and Gold* (WINGATE, 10/6) practically ignores the tragic political background to which the name of her old home bears witness, is precisely another such patriot. Her reading of the past is designed to serve a happier future; though she describes in all its irretrievability a vast but unassuming Irish country-house from the year of her birth in 1873 to her departure as a bride. Its routine was her education: the delightful mother, who instilled faith, morals, domestic and social accomplishments and the personal service of poor friends, being supported by a genuine period governess, the owner of a particularly dashing brother. He was "not foolhardy, dear fellow. He would never set his foot in a train." This characteristic asseveration of the limits of audacity gives you an idea of the even tenor of Rebelsfield. Its portrayal, as Lord Dunsany says in his preface, is accomplished without a superfluous word. The clear stream of narrative never slackens, but imparts the vividness of Meath pastures to everything it touches.

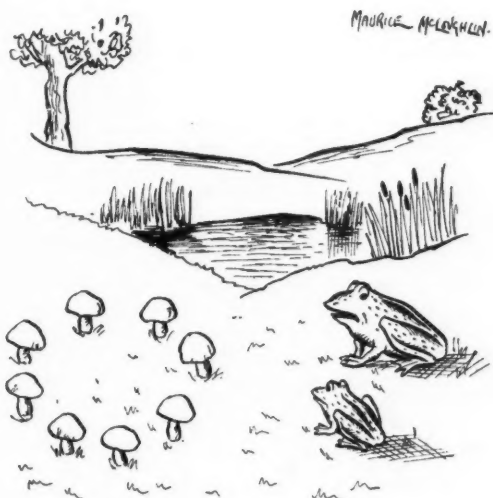
H. P. E.

Another Study in Loyalty

Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES showed in *Four Studies in Loyalty* an understanding of the eccentricities of aristocracy and of the domestic politics of landed families. In *Answer to Question 33* (COLLINS, 8/6) he uses these as a springboard for a dramatic novel which finds its climax in the over-charged atmosphere of Cairo in the El Alamein period. Its hero, Kirkby, is listening idly to the daily vaudeville of Question-time in the Commons when he is electrified by an inquiry about anti-British broadcasts from Russia by an Italian woman; and from there he takes us back to the beginning of a story which runs on the parallel tracks of the two women in his life. One of these is Lady Caroline, with whom he has grown up and is never completely out of love, in spite of her hardness and promiscuity; the other is Donna Isabella, a fanatical worshipper of all things British, who keeps Mr. Gladstone's portrait in the place of honour and only turns to Moscow after the bitter disillusionment of betrayal by a British officer. Mr. SYKES draws women with understanding, and is particularly successful in conveying the enduring loveliness of Caroline, otherwise a selfish and maddening person; but the people here we shall remember are his cads. The young Lord Almury, for example, is not merely conventionally dissipated but is sublimely nasty in the grand sixteenth-century manner, and Tommy Castleton, the mountainous dope-pedlar, is almost as chilling to the spine. In parts of this novel one gets the feeling that the author is working off a little too studiously the fruits of service in the Middle East, but they are skilfully marshalled and his writing has style and strength.

E. O. D. K.

Mr. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD ("HOD") has collected his "Scowle" stories, his episodes from "St. Morbid's," and a large number of his other articles and drawings from *Punch* in *Scowle and Other Papers*. It is published by PENGUIN BOOKS, at 1/6.



"This is where your poor father was turned into a prince."



"And now, this human, never-to-be-forgotten story of our holiday at Broadstairs will tug relentlessly at the very strings of your heart."

Adaptability

I'VE never told you about my remarkable talent for adaptability. I don't think anyone else has so much adaptability as I have, taken all in all, except Ruth Draper and the Royal Marines. Some people of course are adaptable in specialities. That is to say, they can plough a straight furrow if required, or a zig-zag one if the occasion demands it: they can discuss British Colonials or Early Europeans with equal insight: they can talk commerce to the Rotarians, economics to the Fabians, and they can talk to Etonians too. I am not decrying these people; this is an age of the specialist, and if a man chooses branch adaptation, good luck to him. For myself, I prefer the old-fashioned, whole-hearted sort. It helps me in my profession. Let me show you what I mean.

I live in Baker Street. Each morning I step out of my front door, sniff the morning air, take a pace down the pavement, and bang! I am the distinguished detective. I give people

searching glances, smoke a pipe, look as if I've forgotten that funny sort of cap thing, and lend a critical ear to the beggar's fiddle. My forehead is creased with insoluble problems. My fingers are sensitive, lithe, supple. I make quite a good sleuth, and I often have little messages thrust into my hand as I slouch down towards Marylebone Road—pathetic appeals for help or blackguardly threatenings from Buckinghamshire.

I turn the corner opposite Baker Street Station, and hey presto! I am the great novelist. Arnold Bennett died in those flats over there and I am his spiritual successor. The papers under my arm? I've been reading those damn critics. The tune I'm humming? Oh, I don't know—some forgotten moorland air coming back to me on the wings of time. That peculiar musty, fusty sort of smell? That's the scent of the peat-bogs where they live eighteen to a hut under the villainous tyranny of a sadistic landlord. Why? Don't you like it?

I always look forward to Harley Street. That's my favourite adaptation. But first there's a brief spell of artistic thoughtfulness outside Madame Tussaud's—I clench and unclench my fists to prepare them for the hard wax—and a moment's musicianly elevation beside the Royal Academy of Music—a few bars of the "Eroica" escape my mobile flautist's lips. And then—Harley Street. In a trice I am the brilliant young doctor. There's nothing so impressive, I think you'll agree, as the great surgeon making his way down the Doctors' Way to his consulting-room—not too preoccupied with affairs of the Table to throw a diagnostic glance at passing laymen—not too proud, at the peak of his eminence, to note with surprise that Sir George has moved or that Antony's Rolls could do with a new sticky thing for the windscreen. Come and watch me in my Harley Street period one morning—I promise you won't regret it. My head swells to a new, brilliant, scientific, researchical shape and my

eyes assume an expression at once confident and expectant. It's a fine sight. Sometimes, if I remember at the bookstall, I have a *Lancet* under my arm: but anyway it's quite clear to all onlookers that I have only bought the newspapers to see if they printed my bulletin of yesterday accurately. Not that I care, but it's nice to know.

But as I reach the end of the street I gradually change from a Great Healer to an Interesting Patient. This is a curious metamorphosis. That limp you may have noticed developing at about No. 94 gets decidedly worse. My face is drained of blood, pale and wan. Swellings appear behind my ears, and great boils on my cheeks. Both my arms are paralyzed and my eyes—one of my eyes is bloodshot and staring. The other one disappears altogether. My legs quiver. My lips twitch. I can hardly walk. Heaven knows what's happened to me. Passers-by usually rush to my assistance and with their support I manage to stagger into Cavendish Square and slowly recover.

I'm not quite sure what I'm meant to be in Cavendish Square. I seem to be a jaunty, devil-may-care, aristocratic sort of chap, and anyone can see that underneath my overcoat I'm wearing a gardenia in my button-hole. My steps are springy and assured, and all seems to be well in my particular world. Perhaps I'm something to do with the Jockey Club. People have often stopped to admire my silver-headed cane in Cavendish Square—a tribute to the power of suggestion, because I haven't got one. But a great change is soon to come over me. Round the corner lies Broadcasting House, and I am on my way to read the nine o'clock news. My moustache bristles, my accent protrudes from my Adam's apple, my corduroys get floppier and floppier until they threaten to envelop my feet and trip me up rather nastily. If at this point the clock strikes the hour, the following is my procedure. At the first stroke I look mildly up to see what's happening. At the second I realize that I am meant to be reading the news and, hitching up my trousers, I sprint along the pavement with my coat waving in the wind, cursing B.B.C. curses (they're terrible), persistently clearing my throat for the microphone, and checking up the time in the *Radio Times*. At the third it dawns upon me that I am too late, that I shall take another five minutes to get into Studio 114 if the lift is as slow as it always is, and that Stuart will probably read it for me anyway. At the fourth—well, by the time the fourth stroke sounds I am round the corner into Regent Street

and coming from Langham Place instead of going to it. I have been up all night monitoring the political broadcasts from Moscow. Altogether I'm a pretty tired man and I have a gloomy outlook on the world situation. As it's obvious that in a year's time London will no longer exist I don't mind knocking down a few lamp-posts here and there and putting my fist through a couple of shop windows as I pass. This is the worst part of my morning's walk, and I sometimes think that when I turn into Regent Street in future I'll be nothing to do with the B.B.C. at all. I've often thought of being a Turk coming from the Embassy or a pelican expert from the Zoo. But they're both rather specialized and, besides, I don't know what a Turk looks like.

At Oxford Circus I board a bus and, with my notebook in my hand, I travel eastward in my capacity of supervising supervisory inspector. Conductors are deferential and courteous. Conductresses are winsome and hitch their trousers up. Junior inspectors are startled when I counter their request with a demand to see all the tickets in the bus arranged in numerical order on the floor—used and unused. That always gets them. But we're getting near the Law Courts. I pat my pocket to make sure I've brought my wig, gather up my briefs, collect my wits about me and step on to the pavement. Just as I am about to enter the barristers' door I look at my watch, put it to myself that my case won't come on for another hour, and suggest

that *ipso facto, de jure* and *sub judice* I may as well have a cup of coffee first. I do it all in Latin.

I walk down past Temple Bar. Fleet Street! My hat tilts to the back of my head. My mind works furiously. The presses roll in ten minutes and Neville Cardus is racing back from Worcester with his copy in his hand. There isn't a moment to lose. Hailing a taxi, after making sure it's engaged, I hurry down the Street of Ink, lighting another cigarette as I go. In a moment I am in my office. This is fine. I am still a little of all myself—I have a smattering of detection, an inkling of literature, a small idea of sculpture and a rudimentary knowledge of music. I still remember a little of my medicine, I have the trappings of a gent and the culture of an announcer. I know something about transport, a trifle about law. And to cap it all I have the vigour, the energy, the unconquerable nerve of the reporter.

Splendid—and to-day I'm going to be our Zoological Correspondent too, pelicans or no pelicans.

Impending Apology

"DISPLAY OF ANTIQUES AT WOMEN'S CLUB."
Heading in *S. African paper*.

"ALL BUSES OUT FOR BIG GAME."
Heading in "*Newcastle Journal*."

Shooting allowed on top deck only?



Private Enterprise

I CANNOT have been the only parent in England that April morning who, facing the lengthening horror of two school-bills over his mite of scrambled egg, was moved to comment sourly on the sickly state of money.

"Miss Gallehawk says if we're to play our proper rôle in the world, knowledge is the only path," they said indignantly, through marmalade.

"Miss Gallehawk deserves to find herself the mother of quadruplets. If you were American children you'd spend the holidays delivering papers and carrying bags at the station for the sake of the family till."

"What time do you have to get up to deliver papers?"

"Not before five," I said.

Several weeks passed quietly, except for an occasional dull thud from the crude laboratory in the barn, which was proving a merciful canal for energy. All the medicine bottles in the house had been impressed into its service, and if the atom bomb had been at stake activity could hardly have been more feverish.

The next thing was a man on the phone, speaking from a distance in the grip of some strong emotion.

"I can't hear you very well," I shouted. "You seem to be complaining about your scalp."

"I am complaining about my scalp," he yelled. "Wouldn't you, if you had to wear your hat at a board meeting because of great purple blisters the size of an egg?"

"I might and I might not," I replied. "What baffles me is that you should think it worth while to get a stranger out of bed to pose such a curious question."

The man went off into a series of cosmic rumbles which must have set seismographs waltzing all over the world. When these died down sufficiently I caught the word "horse-whip."

"My feet are getting cold," I told him. "In the predicament you describe it is natural to yearn for human sympathy. Consider the whole of mine at your disposal, but unless there's some practical way I can help, such as with the loan of another hat, I would like to go back to bed."

"You can give me the name of your solicitors," shouted the man, twisting the line with a fresh access of bitter fury. And at that I hung up.

Instinct led me upstairs again, to where Enid Blyton was being thoughtfully absorbed in the cold light of dawn. I sat down on a bed.

"Would you know anything about a Mr. Jenkinson of Huddersfield who has blisters on his head?"

"I told you it was silly to put in mustard," said one of them.

"We guaranteed to tickle up the roots," said the other. "It wouldn't have been honest not to."

"May we begin at the beginning?" I asked.

A certain amount of gulping was going on.

"Well, you know what you said about American children?"

"Ah," I said, my heart sinking.

"We went into the question of paper-roulons. They're a flop. In the whole hols we couldn't have made enough even for extra carpentry."

"Go on."

"So private enterprise seemed the thing, something everybody wanted, like soap or beer, only they'd been thought of already. Then we remembered all the bald men everywhere, absolutely miserable at getting shinier and shinier every minute. We felt if

only we could stir up enough bald men we could stay at school the rest of our lives and you could catch all the trout—"

"Kindly leave my trout out of this."

"We talked to Skinner about bald men in a roundabout sort of way while he was digging the compost pit. He said the baldest man he knew was an uncle of his in Huddersfield, who'd spent a fortune on stuff to rub in and still looked an absolute egg. He'd had a frightful row with this uncle years ago about a bull-terrier with rickets, so he gave us his name and address on the Q.T."

"The furious Mr. Jenkinson?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Jenkinson is one of our paying customers. Skinner's uncle is Mr. Albert Tuke. We wrote to him on your typewriter offering a five-bob bottle for nothing if he would send us the addresses of twenty-five other bald men in Huddersfield. You must admit it was a smashing wheeze. He fell for it by return. Then we sent out typed circulars to the twenty-five—"

"Giving this address?" I asked.

"Of course. And so far we've had eleven orders. That's fifty-five bob, and makes delivering papers look pretty small."

"Eleven orders for what?"

"Why, for WIGSAWAY. 'For a fine new crop on top use Nature's remedy.'"

"What exactly is WIGSAWAY?" I demanded.

"Oh, it's all perfectly healthy. That green grease that goes in the back axle of the car, and toilet paraffin, and that liquid soap you thought too smelly, and just a little of that special gooeey black mud from the bottom of the pond."

"And mustard?"

"Yes, and mustard."

"How about labels?"

"We did those on the home-printer and painted dandelions and things round the border."

The phone rang again, with grim persistence.

"Trunk call!" called a sleepy voice from the hall.

"People seem to get up awfully early in the North," they said, uncomfortably. ERIC.



"I've come to ask for your daughter's hand, the two front rooms and use of kitchen."

NOTICE.—Contributions or communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



PRIORITY ONLY

Limited quantities of PARKER-KNOLL chairs are being made for supply to schools, hotels, institutions, hospitals, etc., against priority permits. Full particulars will be sent on request, explaining how they may be obtained.

Parker-Knoll

PARKER-KNOLL LTD., TEMPLE END, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.
Also manufactured in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Singapore, etc.

CVS-20

WHITBREAD IN ENGLISH HISTORY



OF conversation among the population of London in 1787 a favourite topic was the wondrous new mechanical devices installed in Mr. Whitbread's Brewery in Chiswell Street. These accounts eventually reached the ears of King George III who expressed a wish to see these things for himself. One Saturday morning he duly arrived with his Queen and three little Princesses and spent two hours going over the Brewery. When the crowd which had gathered outside caught sight of the King "they gave breath to their loyalty and repeatedly huzzaed."

Estd. 1762

WHITBREAD

Brewers of Ale and Stout



'SPIDERWEB' Designed by R. Y. Gooden, R.D.I., F.S.I.A.

Chance 'Spiderweb' glassware is designed to catch . . . the light. That's one reason for its pattern of radial and concentric lines; another reason is that the lines follow and emphasise the simple, graceful, modern shapes of 'Spiderweb.' This new Chance table glassware is made by the people who gave British optical glass its reputation, yet it's well within the reach of every housewife.

Chance GLASSWARE

FOR HOME, HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

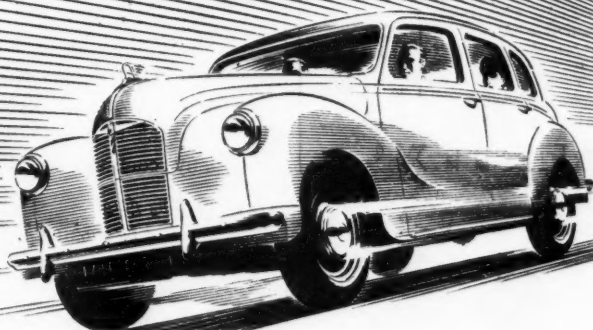
'Spiderweb' is distributed through wholesalers only, not direct to retailers or the public.

CHANCE BROTHERS, LIMITED, Glassmakers since 1824, Head Office and Works: Smethwick 40, near Birmingham. London Office: 28, St. James's Square, S.W.1. Branch Works at Glasgow, St. Helens and Malvern.

You are invited to visit our Stand at the B.I.F., No. R.15, Earls Court.

THE NEW 'A40'

Leader in Car Export Drive



AUSTINS LAST LONGER

Sound design and good, honest workmanship don't just happen.

It is the Austin policy—always has been, always will be—to



Look out for these 1933 Austin Tens. You'll see them about, even today.

build dependable life into every Austin model. That's why so many gallant old Austins are still carrying on, and why the exciting new Austins are earning so much credit for Britain overseas.

AUSTIN — you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO LTD • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



Those were the days.



AND THIS WAS THEIR
SHOE CREAM

PROPERT'S

Still unrivalled

There are
many
imitations



The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the real Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine
Aertex garments
bear this label



but only one

AERTEX



**POST
YOUR
FILMS**

WILL R. ROSE LTD
23 BRIDGE ST. ROW, CHESTER
133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

and get 'MAGNA' PRINTS (usual)

Don't forget
your...

Andy



GARDEN GLOVES
4/11 per pair, of Ironmongers and Stores or
direct (post 3d.). One coupon per pair.
TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE



EVERY TIME
YOU SEE A POLICEMAN

THINK OF
CHATWOOD

for protection against
fire and thief

SAFES, STRONGROOMS AND ALL SECURITY EQUIPMENT, SAFE
DEPOSIT INSTALLATIONS, FIREPROOF OFFICE EQUIPMENT

THE CHATWOOD SAFE & ENGINEERING COMPANY LTD. SHREWSBURY



Morning freshness

If, in the morning, you gargle with fragrant
'Dettol', you will be surprised how fresh, cool
and comfortable your throat and mouth will feel.
That after-sleep feeling, those traces of morning
catarrh, will be pleasantly rinsed away. You will
have taken a sensible antiseptic precaution against
many common infections of the mouth and throat.

The morning gargle
is a pleasure with.

'DETTOLIN'
BRAND
ANTISEPTIC GARGLE



There's plenty
in the shops

SANIPAN
automatic lavatory cleanser

Sanipan keeps the lavatory pan fresh,
clean and white. Sprinkle it regularly
into the pan at night, flush in the
morning and the job is done. Buy
Sanipan from your chemist, grocer or
chandler to-day; the big tin gives you
extra value for your 1/3. No coupons.
CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

SANITISE WITH **SANIPAN**

A product of
W. & F. Walker
Ltd., Liverpool.



Fly **OLLEY**
... IT SOON
BECOMES
A HABIT

... and a very good one too. If
you want to get *anywhere* quicker,
more comfortably and with less
trouble than by any other means
... telephone Olley Air Service.
You can be in the air within a
few minutes of reaching Croydon,
saving precious days of your
holiday or business schedule.
Modern aircraft accommodate
parties of 2 to 8 persons at sur-
prisingly reasonable rates. May
we send you a copy of our latest
brochure?

OLLEY

AIR SERVICE LIMITED
CROYDON AIRPORT

CROYDON 5117

Day or Night

FOUNDER MEMBER

ANYTIME · ANYWHERE · ANY DISTANCE

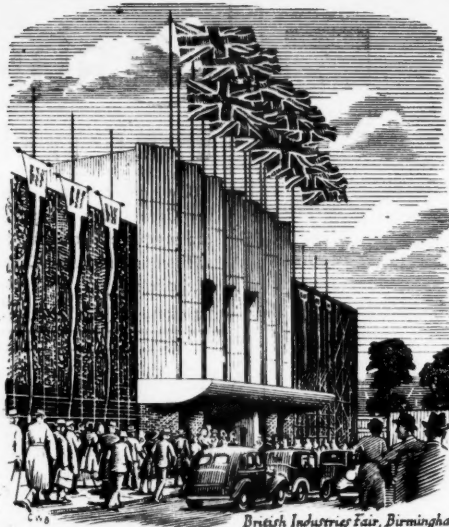
**KERFOOTS
MEDICINAL
LOZENGES**

based on the skill
and experience of
three generations



THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley · Lancashire

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
RONUK
FOR POLISHING FLOORS



British Industries Fair, Birmingham

ONCE A YEAR British Industry holds a great "At home" to all its customers and friends. This is the famous British Industries Fair to which come buyers from all parts of the world, seeking a vast variety of goods and services.

The Fair does much to stimulate that export trade by which Great Britain chiefly lives, and Barclays

Bank, with their Associated Companies, are able to be of great assistance to those whose interests lie in overseas markets.

Business men entering the export trade for the first time are particularly invited to discuss any financial problems with the Manager of their local branch, or to write direct to the address given below:

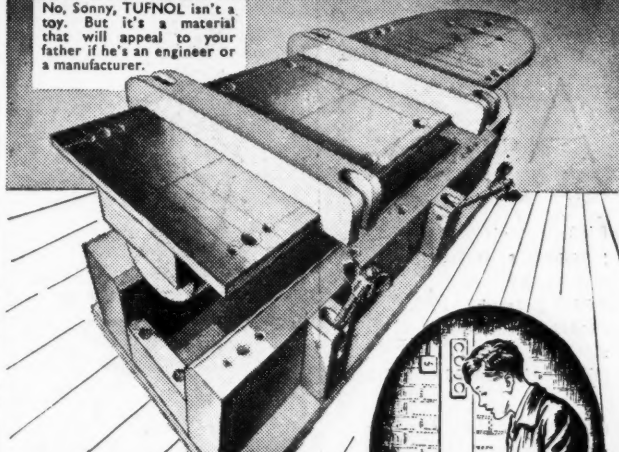
BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Chief Foreign Branch : 168, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3



It's child's play !

No, Sonny, TUFNOL isn't a toy. But it's a material that will appeal to your father if he's an engineer or a manufacturer.



Tufnol is half the weight of aluminium, and even bulky jigs, made of Tufnol, can be handled by juveniles.

This is only one example of how engineers in every industry are taking advantage of the physical properties of Tufnol. Can Tufnol improve your products or plant?

TUFNOL

TUFNOL LTD PERRY BARR BIRMINGHAM 22B

An ELLISON Product... Wood-like but strong... Light in weight... Acid resisting... Electrical insulator... Made in sheets, tubes and rods.

199

HENNESSY

BRANDY



The spirit of patience, care and experience

SPEED THE EXPORT DRIVE



You can telephone a cable to any part of the world just as you do an inland telegram. Just phone your nearest Cable and Wireless office or ask exchange for "Foreign Telegrams" and dictate your message.



VIA IMPERIAL

Cable and Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2
Telephone: TEMple BAR 8494

WHEN LETTERS AWAIT ATTENTION CABLES DEMAND IT

CVS-110



"OLD SQUAREFACE" returns!

"Old Squareface" is back again, ready for old friends and the new generation who will enjoy Hollands Gin for the first time
(ASK UNCLE OR AUNTIE)

De KUYPER
HOLLANDS GIN



By Appointment
to H.M. The King
Silversmiths & Jewellers

Asprey

BUY articles of
MODERN & ANTIQUE
JEWELLERY
GOLD & SILVER
CHINA & GLASS
LEATHER GOODS
FITTED SUITCASES · ETC.

Prices are high. Asprey, a famous House, will gladly send a representative where the quantity is too great to send by registered post or rail. Please send parcels or letters to address below.

Telephone enquiries to
Regent 6767, extension 40.

ASPREY & CO. LTD.
165/8 NEW BOND ST.
LONDON, W.1



CAMUS

"LA GRANDE MARQUE"
COGNAC

Sole Agents for Gt. Britain & British Empire-CARTAUX (LONDON) LTD. 44 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2



Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR



Longines
THE SUPREME TIMEKEEPER

THE SIGN OF LONGINES WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

From your own jeweller

BAUME AND COMPANY

1 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1 and at La Chaux-de-Fonds

Cash's

NAME TAPES

Owing to the heavy demand for Cash's Name Tapes, you are urged to place your order with your Draper or Outfitter without delay.

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Pu. 40, COVENTRY



Nothing seems
impossible
when your
energy
springs
from

TUROG

BROWN BREAD
SPILLERS LTD., 40, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.3

Nicholson -Gin

The purest made



SAUCES
MADE FOR
THE
CONNOISSEUR
by

Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE



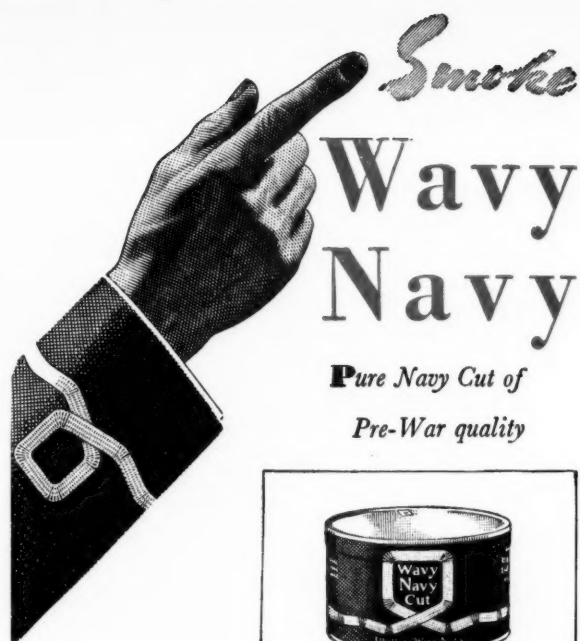
FRESH AS
THE HOUR IT
WAS PACKED!

SENATOR

American Blend
COFFEE



JOSEPH TETLEY & CO LTD., LONDON & NEW YORK



Smoke Wavy Navy

Pure Navy Cut of
Pre-War quality



2 OZ. AIRTIGHT TIN 8/10
1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 4/5

Also ready rubbed

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD
MANUFACTURERS
and GUARANTORS

*



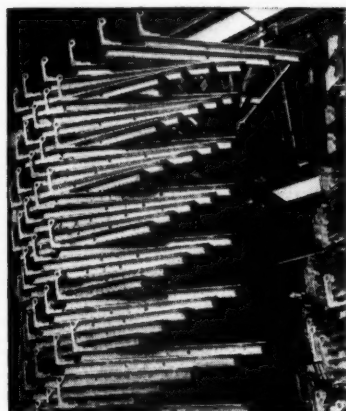
The fragrant soap with
the luxurious lather

Embassy Soap

A. & F. PEARS LTD., LONDON

FF 16/96

CRITTALL WINDOWS



an engineering product
MADE STRICTLY AS LAID DOWN IN
BRITISH STANDARD SPECIFICATION
NO. 990 : 1945: DELIVERED WITHIN A
FEW WEEKS BY ROAD DIRECT TO SITE.

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.
BRAINTREE ENGLAND

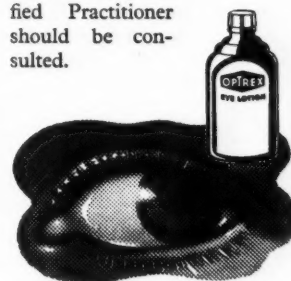
OPTREX *the* EYE LOTION

Only the best is good enough for your eyes

The extreme sensitiveness of
your eyes makes it imperative
that they receive only the best
of care . . . and only the best of
eye lotions.

During the war years, you may
have experienced trouble in
obtaining OPTREX. Its fine
constituents—none too plentiful
at the best of times—became
very scarce, and yet we would
not consider an inferior lotion.
But . . . supplies have improved
now, and you should not find it
too difficult to have OPTREX on
hand to soothe and help your
eyes whenever they are strained

by glaring lights or overwork . . .
or irritated by fog and smoke.
Optrex Eye Compresses too are
now available in limited quantities.
Ask for them at your chemist.
But remember—at the first sign
of serious eye
trouble, a Quali-
fied Practitioner
should be con-
sulted.



The famous Optrex 'exclusive design' eye
baths are on sale once more. Price 10d.
including purchase tax.
Optrex eye compresses are also available.



*In achieving perfection
quality must be as consistent
in detail as in fundamentals*

ROLLS-ROYCE

are supplied with

CHAMPION
PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED
FELTHAM • MIDDLESEX



McVitie & Price

Makers of
Finest Quality Biscuits

MCVITIE & PRICE LIMITED • EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER